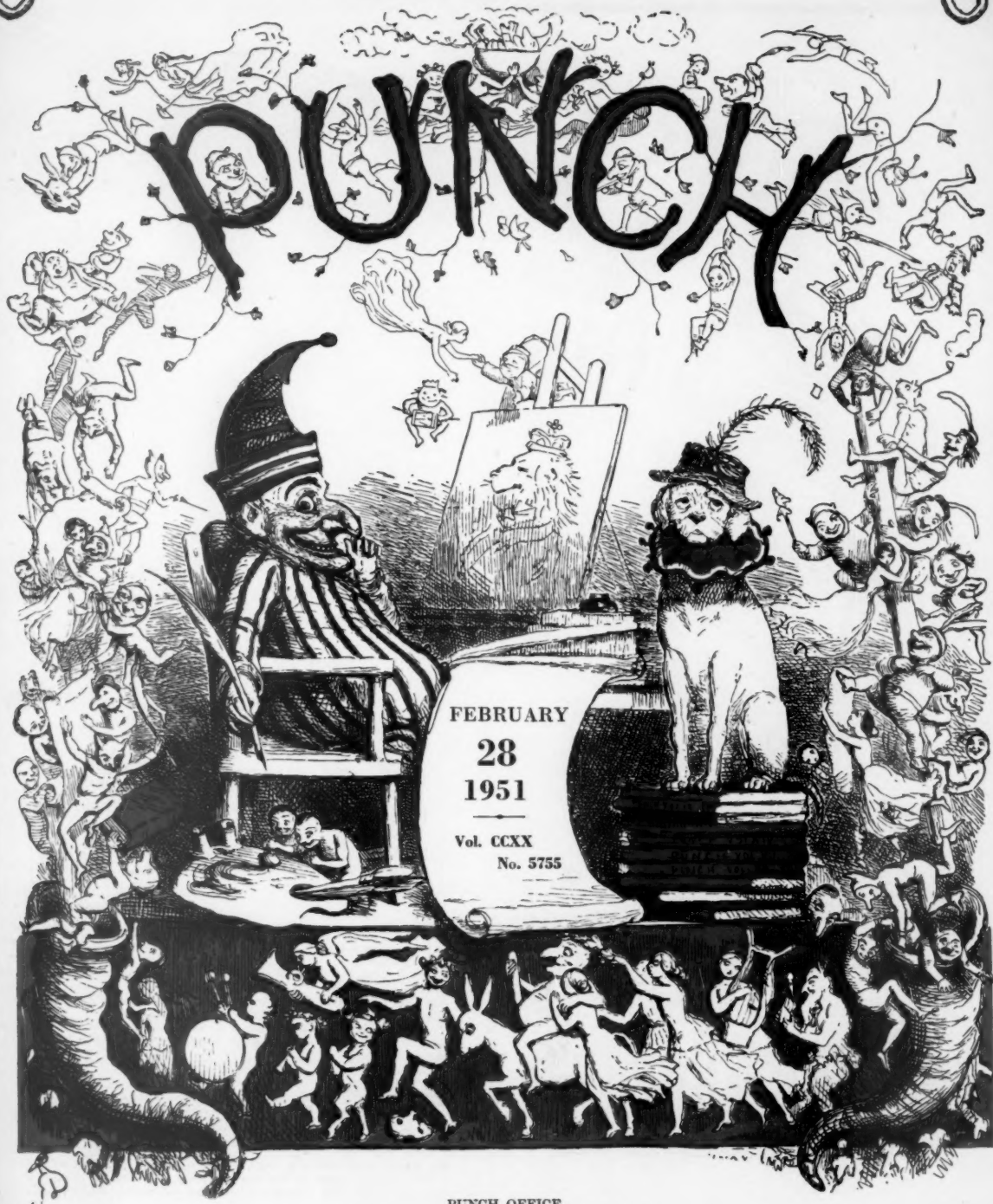


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28 1951

6^d

FEBRUARY
28
1951

Vol. CCXX
No. 5755

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



*Quality
Incomparable*

Gordon's
Stands Supreme



A Cambridge man going to a Research job in Central Africa makes sure of supplies of his favourite pipe-smoke

Barney's the Ideal Tobacco

.....
Cambridge

Dear Sirs,

I have smoked your tobacco almost from the time I began to smoke a pipe, although I must admit I tried several popular brands before I found Barney's.

As I shall be going to Tanganyika shortly, not the least of my troubles has been whether I shall be able to obtain your Tobacco. The other day I saw one of your advertisements in *Punch* in which you stated that it was possible to supply 2lbs. in some countries.

I should be grateful if you would let me know if Tanganyika is included amongst these, as I want to arrange for a regular supply to be sent to me there.

Yours Sincerely,

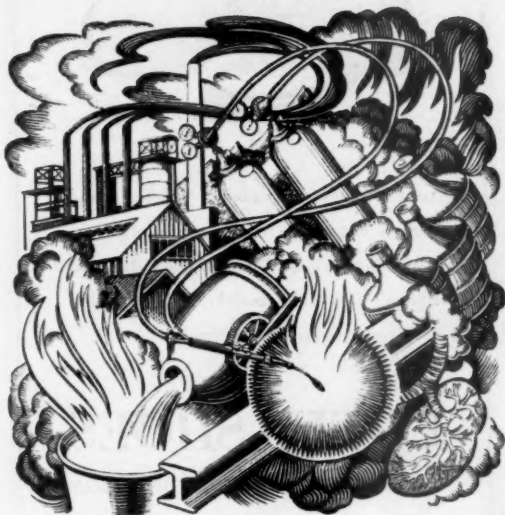
The original letter can be inspected at The
Barneys Sales Bureau, 24 Holborn, E.C.1

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barney's—which has won so many friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

Barneys (Medium), Parsons Pleasure (Mild), Punchbowlie (Full), 4/5 the oz. each.
(322) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne. ©

OXYGEN



OXYGEN is the element that occurs most abundantly in nature. One-fifth of the air consists of oxygen, and without it life could not exist. It is oxygen which causes iron to rust and enables a fire to burn. Discovered in 1774 by Joseph Priestley, and independently by the Swede, William Scheele, oxygen was so named because it was at first believed to be an acid-former. Pure oxygen is produced commercially by liquefying air and then separating the oxygen by distillation. Stored in cylinders, the gas is used in welding and steel-making, as well as to aid breathing in high-flying aircraft and for medical purposes. The importance of oxygen to the chemical industry lies in the fact that substances burn in it to form oxides. Without burning there would be no industrial power, and very little chemical manufacturing would be possible. The oxides enter into almost every phase of chemical manufacture.

I.C.I. burns sulphur in atmospheric oxygen to form sulphur dioxide as the first step in producing sulphuric acid, and makes nitric acid by combining oxygen and ammonia. Combined with carbon, oxygen forms carbon dioxide which in its solid form is important as an industrial raw material and as a refrigerant. Solid carbon dioxide made by I.C.I. is sold under the name of "Drikold".



Gracefully Modern - Distinctly Wolseley

The "Four Fifty" and "Six Eighty" are silent witnesses that in the hands of Wolseley craftsmen the modern motor car can be a thing of shapely beauty without the loss of an inch of space or a decimal point of performance.

WOLSELEY

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford
and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

London Showrooms: Eustace Watkins Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1



Be sure it's a **SENSIBLE** *garage*



The discerning car owner will appreciate the fact that a garage made from the finest materials, built by craftsmen and designed for the user, is as the name suggests, a "SENSIBLE" garage. With a strong timber framework. Covered with Asbestos Cement Sheets, lathed joints, perfectly fitting windows, and corrugated Asbestos roof the "SENSIBLE" garage is a "must" for all car owners.

Write for catalogue.

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STOWE**
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WILLOW HOUSE • CORNHOLME • TODMORDEN • LANCs



The hunt is worth while—

if the kill is a

"GLOSDURA" REGD. *Shirt*

GLOUCESTER SHIRT CO. LTD. GLOUCESTER ENG

Stand at ease . . .



You can stand, sit or walk at ease in TOOTAL Socks, and do it again and again. They are made from EPILOX brand non-felting wool, which retains its softness and resists shrinking. As a further aid to a long, comfortable life they are reinforced at such wear points as toe and heel. And as a complete assurance they carry the TOOTAL Guarantee.

TOOTAL REGD.
SOCKS

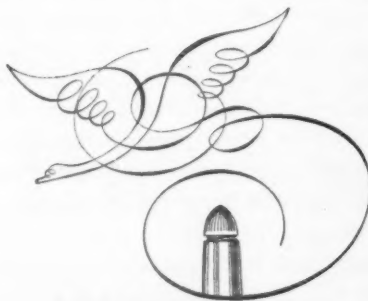
TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD ST. MANCHESTER 1



LOTUS shoes are made, finished, and turned out to be in tune with the responsibility which a man's shoes have in a man's life. In his health. In his comfort. In his confidence. In his credit.

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FOR ALL MEN AND MOST OCCASIONS



Filled without fuss

No waiting. No risk of inking your fingers. Just twist the top of your Swan No. 44, and it is filled to the brim instantaneously! Exceptionally large ink capacity, leakproof, ladder feed for even flow — always ready-to-write.

The business-like pen

MODEL NO. 44 **48/11** including tax

Ask your nearest Stationer or Jeweller.

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Sole Agents & Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1.
33 Chesapeake, London, E.C.2, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester, 2.

Enter a
Champion!



The new 15/- SAVINGS CERTIFICATE

Pays you bigger interest—free of income tax

The new 15/- Savings Certificates are now on sale. They are even better value than the previous issue and unquestionably to-day's finest gilt-edged investment.

See how they earn. They're worth 20/3 in ten years' time—equivalent to £3.0.11 per cent p.a. interest over the entire period.

No income tax to pay. The interest which Savings Certificates earn is

free of income tax and is equivalent to a gross interest of £5.10.9 per cent (taking into account the present standard rate of Income Tax).

You and every member of your family can have 500. These are in addition to permitted holdings of any previous issues you already hold. The new National Savings Certificates are obtainable from Post Offices, Banks or through a Savings Group.

THE BEST INVESTMENT FOR NATIONAL SAVERS

BIGGER INTEREST ON DEFENCE BONDS, TOO!

From February 1st 1951 there is also a new issue of Defence Bonds bearing an interest rate of 3 per cent. Ask your Bank, Stock broker or Post Office for full details.



Issued by the National Savings Committee

GILL

10,000 yards of plain deep pile
CARPETING
at a substantial reduction in price

&

REIGATE

We have been successful in obtaining considerable stocks of magnificent, deep pile carpeting which, because of slight variations in colour unnoticeable in use, we are offering at reduced prices. It is 27" wide, and available in plain colours only: green, fawn, mushroom, mulberry, cherry, peach, old rose, flesh beige, powder blue and some others.

IF YOU PLEASE, COME AND SEE

GILL & REIGATE

*Interior Decoration, Period Panelling, Antique and Finest
Reproduction Furniture, Curtains, Fabrics, Carpets*
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Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

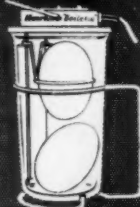
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Special **VINEGARS**

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Hawkins
ELECTRIC **Boilette**

Boiling hot drinks in less than 2 minutes right in the glass from which you drink. No saucepan to wash up. Boils 2 eggs—innumerable uses in small or large families; ideal for bachelors; professional men use it for sterilising and laboratory work.



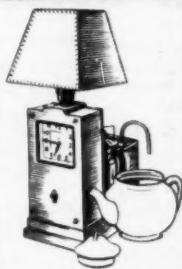
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from best
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Hawkins
PATENTED **Tecal**

This is another Hawkins guaranteed product—the patented Tecal. While you sleep it makes your morning tea (or coffee), wakes you when brewed, gives correct time and an attractive reading light, and switches off the Boiler. Everything is automatic. Priced at £10.18.9 (without teapot). Printed details on request.

Obtainable from best local retailers.

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Table Salt Manufacturers

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Traditionally the salt of quality
— available plain or iodised

A Demonstration convinced her —



THE HOTPOINT CLOTHES DRYER AND AIRER has been one of her finest labour-savers. It quickly dries the family wash, undies and children's garments. No longer does a rainy day mean a kitchen draped with steamy washing. With the Hotpoint Clothes Dryer the garments are soon ready for ironing. It's ideal for airing, too. The fabric cover is virtually a collapsible cabinet. The Appliance is extremely compact — folded down it occupies less than a foot square. Suitable for A.C. or D.C. mains. Guaranteed for 12 months.

£9. 10. 0
Plus P.T. £2. 9. 5

Ask your local electrical supplier for a demonstration, or write for leaflet

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THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
Member of the A.E.I. Group of Companies.



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Choose easily
Buy wisely
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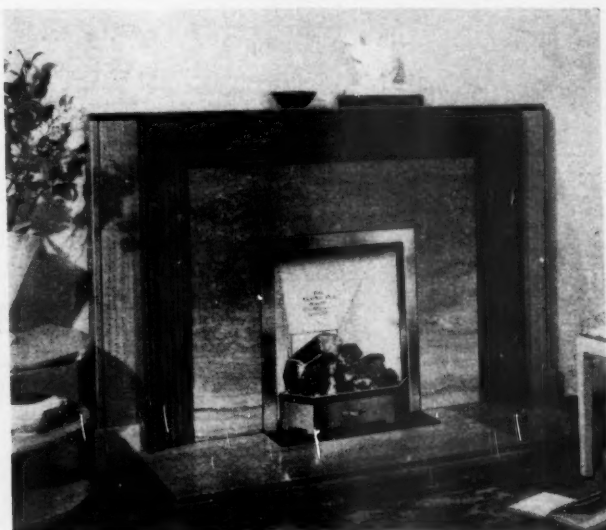
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GUILDFORD
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RICHMOND

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GRAYS



No. 3029 Suite. Mantel in polished mahogany. Surround in marble with Rustless Steel interior. Fitted with the 'Heaped' Fire.

a tradition of quality

For more than half a century Bratt Colbran have led in the design and making of distinctive fireplaces. Craftsmen of long experience carry on this tradition expressed as fully in simple tile mantels for housing contracts as in purpose-made hardwood or marble suites. A cordial invitation is extended to inspect the wide range of fireplaces at our London Showrooms.

Bratt Colbran fires

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EXHIBITION**
Grand Hall, Stand 67

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HANDS AND HOME**

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GLYCERINE
TO KEEP YOUR
HANDS SOFT**



**1/3
AND
2/6**

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THE OAKWORTH



SEASONED OAK Greenhouse

Max. strength. Will not warp. Max. light. Complete pre-fabricated units. Erected on delivery. Wide range or specials. Deferred terms. Delivered free. Send for free brochure.

CASTOS LIMITED

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**THE ORIGINAL Swiss
PROCESS CHOCOLATE**
Famous since 1826!

SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD.,
LONDON S.E.18

In our Opinion

I WAS TALKING TO A SCIENTIST THE OTHER DAY WHO SAID THAT IT IS REALLY QUITE AMAZING WHAT A BABY CAN LIVE ON—BUT THE TROUBLE COMES LATER ON.

YOU MEAN WHEN FULLY GROWN, OR IF HE IS TAKEN IL?

YES—ALL WELL AS LONG AS ALL GOES WELL, BUT AFTER A CHILL OR AN INFECTIOUS ILLNESS THE FOUNDATION OF CORRECT FEEDING BEGINS TO COUNT & OFTEN JUST MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PULLING THROUGH & GOING UNDER.

WELL, ISN'T THAT WHAT I TOLD YOU THE OTHER DAY—IF YOU MUST ECONOMISE, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T TAKE IT OUT OF THE BABY—CHEAPER CLOTHES & OTHER THINGS YES—BUT HANDS OFF BABY'S FOOD.

MY DEAR—YOU LOOK POSITIVELY FRENCH—I AM SURE BULL IS SENSIBLE ENOUGH TO PUT THE 'COW & GATE' FIRST! MY GOOD MAN IS 'TOD'—I KNOW!

Thousands of Mothers for Years have insisted on Cow & Gate for their Babies

COW & GATE MILK

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

4733



The family standby for **STOMACH UPSETS**

What a real friend of the family is 'Milk of Magnesia'. teen-age acidity . . . the youngster's tummy upsets . . . 'Milk of Magnesia' dispels them all. Baby's 'windigestion' too, is soon put right.

But 'Milk of Magnesia' is more than a pleasant and effective antacid—it acts gently but surely as a laxative as well. A bottle kept handy in the Medicine Cabinet ensures ready relief whenever the need arises.

4 oz. size 1/7—12 oz. size 3/2

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Your Friend for Life

For special care of the Hair

The way it cares for the hair, gently, naturally, dressing it to perfection, invigorating the roots—this and its delicate perfume of Otto of Roses have made Rowland's Macassar Oil the choice of discerning men and women for more than 150 years . . . Only a very special hair preparation could win and hold such approval for generations.

— Since 1873

**ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL**

the choice of discerning men & women

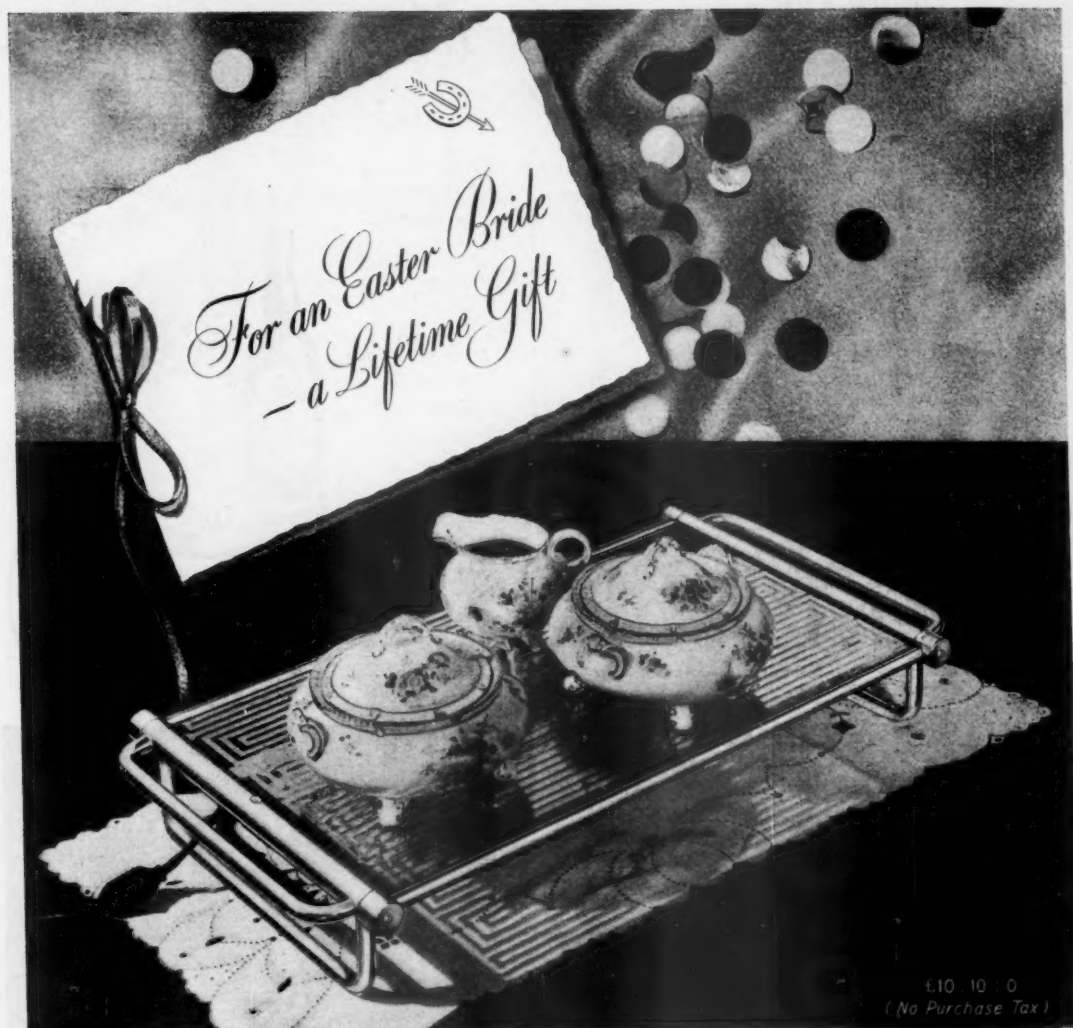


**British Biscuits
at their Best**

**Macfarlane
Lang**

By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
to H. H. H. King
Macfarlane Lang & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1817



£10 10 0
(No Purchase Tax)

The
'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'
Plate Warmer

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

A Fine Watch with a Fine Name



Fine English 15 jewel watches, fully guaranteed and made by Smiths, the world's largest manufacturers of Clocks, Watches and Precision Instruments.
Sold by Jewellers everywhere.

Model illustrated RG. 0714.
Price £8.19.6 incl. P.T. 12 months guarantee.

SMITHS

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., The Clock and Watch Division of S. Smith & Son (England) Ltd

'CHASERS AND COURSES

SCOTTISH GRAND NATIONAL, 1939. Southern Hero winning from Glen Leven, Rockquilla and Red Freeman.



Bogside (R.H. Course)

ONE of the few courses in Scotland where 'chasing is held, Bogside was selected for the Scottish Grand National, a handicap 'chase of 3 miles 7 furlongs. The course is a fine testing one for stayers, especially the 370-yard uphill run in from the last jump. The race has been made famous by that grand 'chaser Southern Hero, who won the race in 1934, 1936 and 1939, and was second in 1937 and 1938. He did not run in 1935 when the race was won by Kellsboro' Jack (winner at Aintree in 1933), whom Southern Hero twice beat at Bogside. Recent winners are Rowland Roy in 1947 and Wot No Sun in 1949.



WOT NO SUN. Winner of the Scottish Grand National in 1949.

There is no obstacle to satisfactory betting when your account is with Cope's Confidential Credit Service. For 56 years, Cope's have led the way for integrity and dependability. "Off-the-course" backers — whether they follow 'chasing or the flat — find in Cope's the perfect, personal Turf accountancy service. Let us send you a free copy of our latest brochure — it's of more than usual interest.

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A Noble Scotch—Blended for Connoisseurs



OUTSTANDING VALUE
IN
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ESTABLISHED 1844
EQUITY & LAW
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

20, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.2

A shaving cream that is actually good for the skin

SCRAPING away with a shaving iron never did any man's face any good. The wrinkles and rawness it leaves make a face look old. Now, however, the discovery of a remarkable substance gives men their answer—a shaving cream that keeps the skin young.

Williams Luxury Shaving Cream is based on *Extract of Lanolin*—a skin conditioner 25 times more intensified than soothing Lanolin itself. When you shave, the Extract of Lanolin goes to work on your skin *immediately*—not only soothing it, but actually doing it good.

You'll notice the difference in the way your skin feels and looks after your first shave with Williams.
2/- a tube.



and afterwards...
AQUA VELVA
world's most popular
after-shave lotion

Can it be true?

A good cigar of Corona size for 2/6d?
In 1951? In Britain...? The answers are:

'Yes—Yes—Yes!' Leaf, do you know,
costs less to import than cigars.

Criterion are made from imported
leaf—of truly exceptional quality.

And good leaf makes a good cigar.

Smoke one and see.



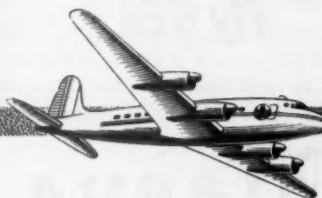
In a wide
range of sizes from
1/5d. to 2/6d. each.
By Lambert and Butler
of Drury Lane.

CR1

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Canadian International Trade Fair TORONTO

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Only a day by **TCA**

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Then fly there by
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can be in *Toronto*—joining
sellers and buyers from all over
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Skyliner travel with its friendly
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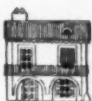


Within the space of an hour, one BEA Viking is

leaving London, another touching down in Paris,



another over half-way to Stockholm, another



just coming in over Barcelona, and another...

fly BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Will it last longer in TUFNOL?



Just two examples: a Tufnol shuttle-brake on a weaving loom, hardly worn after 105 million picks in 3 years' service. Tufnol electrical insulators easily withstanding the train lurches that smashed the more conventional types. Engineers seeking a lightweight non-metallic material possessing chemical-resisting, electrical-insulating, and mechanical qualities, should get to know more about Tufnol. Tufnol is the material of enterprise...



ANY QUESTIONS? Many are answered in the various Tufnol publications. If you think you have a NEW use for Tufnol our Technical Staff will co-operate with enthusiasm and report objectively. Why not write TODAY?

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK
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Warm and genial,
friendly and kind, a
drink to linger over
... on all occasions
of hospitality.



RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH

UNUSUAL PROBLEMS SOLVED WITH BOSTIK—CASE 1

Better Badminton...

with BOSTIK



Modern shuttlecocks are now made with a plastic head. To prevent the shuttlecock slipping on the racket, the plastic head is coated with a Bostik compound. This unusual employment of a Bostik adhesive is but one of the many examples of the extreme versatility of Bostik products in their daily application to the needs of modern industry. And it might prompt you to reconsider a project, perhaps abandoned, because of the adhesion problems that had defied solution. Expert chemists and technicians at the B.B. CHEMICAL CO. LTD., Ulverscroft Road, Leicester, are anxious to have brief details of any such industrial adhesive problems in your factory.

Bostik Industrial
Adhesives & Sealing Compounds



Vibration Proof, Speedier and Cost-Reducing

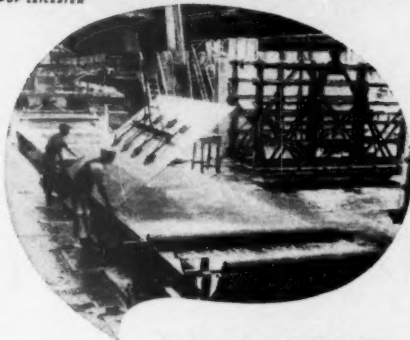
the G.K.N. Sems Fastener Unit is worth a test production run on most assembly lines. It has proved its advantages many times over in car manufacture, refrigeration, electrical appliances and radio work. Sems Units are delivered with the screws ready-assembled in the right size and type of lock-washer: the washers can't come off. Result: simplified handling, driving, and stock control; no washer losses, no waste. Worth a trial.

GET IN TOUCH WITH GKN

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SCREW DIVISION: BOX 24, HEATH STREET, BIRMINGHAM 18

S/SRU/2003

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No 1 GLASSMAKING

The accurate timing and control of manufacturing processes and operations can speed up production, improve and standardise quality, cut down spoilage and reduce cost.

Many repeat orders from Pilkington Bros. Ltd., and other well-known users testify to the reliability and accuracy of

GENTS'
OF LEICESTER

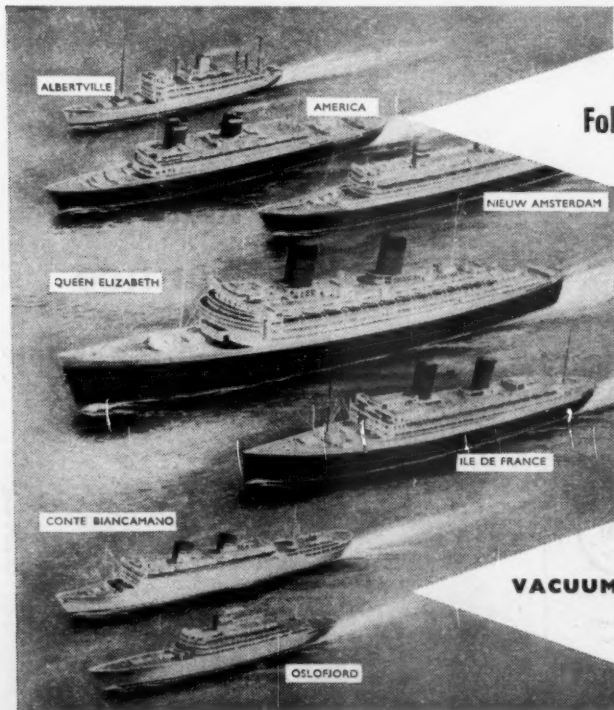
PROCESS TIMERS

Please send for leaflet no. 267

GENT & CO. LTD., FARADAY WORKS, LEICESTER

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ELECTRIC CLOCK SYSTEMS, BELLS & INDICATORS, FIRE & BURGLAR ALARMS, WATCHMAN'S TELLTALE CLOCKS, STAFF LOCATORS, LIQUID LEVEL CONTROL EQUIPMENT



Follow the FLAGSHIPS

... THE VACUUM WAY

The same lubrication service that is responsible for the smooth running of these famous ships is always ready to advise on the lubricating problems confronting industry. Those who make use of this service find they have access to resources and experience quite without equal in the field of lubrication.

A complete lubrication service for everything mechanical by

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED

LONDON, S.W.1.

the makers of Mobiloil





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IN THE VINEYARDS OF

The House of

SEPPELT

*Australia's
pioneer winegrowers*

South Australia, with its sunny, equable climate, its fertile soil and its freedom from vine-pests, is the finest wine country in the world. Seppelts have been making wine in its fruitful valleys since 1851 and have, through four generations, set the standards for wine-making in Australia.



ONE FAMILY ONE TRADITION
ESTABLISHED 1851



On the right lines

It always gives us pleasure to open an account for a young man who is just starting his career. We know that the possession of a banking account will be an asset to him and we believe that, as the years go by, there will be many occasions when our services can be used to help him in his career. That is why we give to him a welcome which is in no way diminished by the knowledge that his account, for some time at least, may be a small one . . . The Manager of your local branch will be glad to tell you more about our services.

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Too much
in demand
to be "on
demand"



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"The Finest Tyres Made"

To obtain even greater service
from your India Tyres—
Corner gently • Accelerate smoothly •
Watch your tyre pressures

**A NEW old-style
pipe tobacco
at 4/- an ounce**



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED



CHARIVARIA

A CORRESPONDENT in a music trade journal presses the claims of British-made musical instruments for recognition in the Festival. Surely the whole idea of the event is to see that we blow our own trumpets.



A man walked along Cockspur Street in the West End recently, took bricks from a bag and hurled them through windows as he passed, smashing nineteen in all. It is a serious matter for so large a quantity of bricks to be used for such a purpose.

"DEAR SIR/MADAM,—We wish to bring to your notice that we are able to offer you a Houseowners Comprehensive Policy which incorporates Fire, Lightning, Explosion, Riot, Storm, Earthquake, Bursting or overflowing of water tanks, Apparatus or Pipes, Housebreaking and many other attractive features."

Letter from insurance company

We'll do without, thank you.



Carpets with Stalin's and Lenin's portraits woven into them have been produced by Turkmenian craftswomen at the Ashkhabad experimental carpet workshop, says a Russian report. Soviet housewives must now think up a politically acceptable way of beating them.

"The Vicar, the Rev. C. O. —, reported an increased number of communicants during the year. He also stated that the death watch beetle had been confirmed in the Church."—"Banbury Guardian"

Making one more?

A Zulu football team retains its own inyanga, or witch-doctor, who assists them by smearing the players with magic ointment and planting powerful charms about the pitch before the game. Referees are in general opposed to these practices, but are willing to permit both sides a spell at half-time.

"The rules for scoring, service and play in general, are identical to lawn tennis, and the court markings are the same, except that there are no lines."—"Ceylon Observer"

Any net?

A hundred and fifty waistcoats were stolen from a London clothing warehouse. It is thought that the thief escaped disguised as a taxi-driver.



CRAB WISE

"WHY do you walk sideways, crab?" said the lobster, turning a trifle red.

"Well, if I walk straight I find I go sideways instead of straight ahead—

So if I go sideways, side legs first and the other side legs behind,

Then my progress is modified, I go straight and all is well, I find.

And if I go backwards, last legs first and first legs in the rear,

Then I go sideways, straight and backwards all at once, my dear."

"But why do you look from the side of your eyes, crab? That's what I can't see."

"Well, neither would I, if I didn't, dear lobster, so it's the same for me.

For if I look straight I look out sideways—on to the things beside,

So if I look sideways I look straight and all is rectified.

The logic breaks down as to reversing, because, my dear, you'll find

You can't revolve your eyes inside, and look in front behind.

Is all this clear?" the crab demanded, moving his pincers round.

"Yes, almost—but there's one thing, which was difficult, I found.

If you go sideways, right legs last and left legs going first,

In order to turn yourself round backwards, is it not all reversed?

So the right legs lead now, the left behind. Or is it the other way?—

That is, achieved by a revolution, so that the left legs stay in front and the right are left to follow—going ahead, I mean.

At least, it's going forward backward over the way you've been."

The crab, revolving, reasoned deeply—"Which could it be?" he mused.

He tried them both and still was doubtful which of them he used.

So he tried again, and, sad to say, his eyes were not in rear—

And he failed to note the yawning nets which dangled here and there.

The lobster looked—both crab and net had vanished in thin air

(Thin water was the thing she meant, but she really did not care).

It was hardly of comfort to reflect that she had naught to fear

With regard to reversing, for the lobster, thinking that all was clear,

Fell into a passing lobster pot, which she hadn't observed, poor dear.

THANKS FOR THE INTEGRATION

WHEN I saw the railway van with the poster on its side saying "Let us arrange your Summer Holiday. Ask at any Station or Agency," I was, by one of those lucky chances so rare in my experience, actually in a station at the time. This spared me the embarrassment of asking at an agency, where requests for a Cheap Day to Honor Oak Park tend to draw crushing looks from the customers reserving *couchettes* for Bucharest.

The man in shirt-sleeves on the other side of the glass was eating a sandwich, but his face looked as if it might be kind in repose. I bade him good morning.

"And they'd have been there still," he said, "if it 'adn't been for old Jack." I was about to beg his pardon when a voice floating ventriloquially from the next window replied "Jack's the only one in that

click what knows whether he's on his ear or his elbow. Look at Arthur and them ice-cream empties."

I dropped my chin a few inches and spoke in an upward curve through the small, glass-bound Norman arch. "I should like you," I said, "to arrange my summer holiday. I don't know if—"

The man in shirt-sleeves dealt himself a hand of loose tickets, looked at it and threw it down.

"Can't hardly blame *them*," he said. "If nobody don't tell you nothing, where are you?" He then addressed me for the first time, with the air of a man applying himself reluctantly to the realities of life.

"Guv?" he said.

"Summer holidays," I said. "I've just seen an advertisement —"

"No summer time-tables out yet, guv. Try later."

He turned away and began to count tickets. The voice from the next window said "Arthur left 'em in the yard. Labelled 'em 'Live-stock' and left 'em in the yard."

"Get away?" said the man in shirt-sleeves, only mildly surprised.

"Nobody 'adn't told him no different," said the voice. "Then he finds them took round the other side."

"Perhaps it was Arnold."

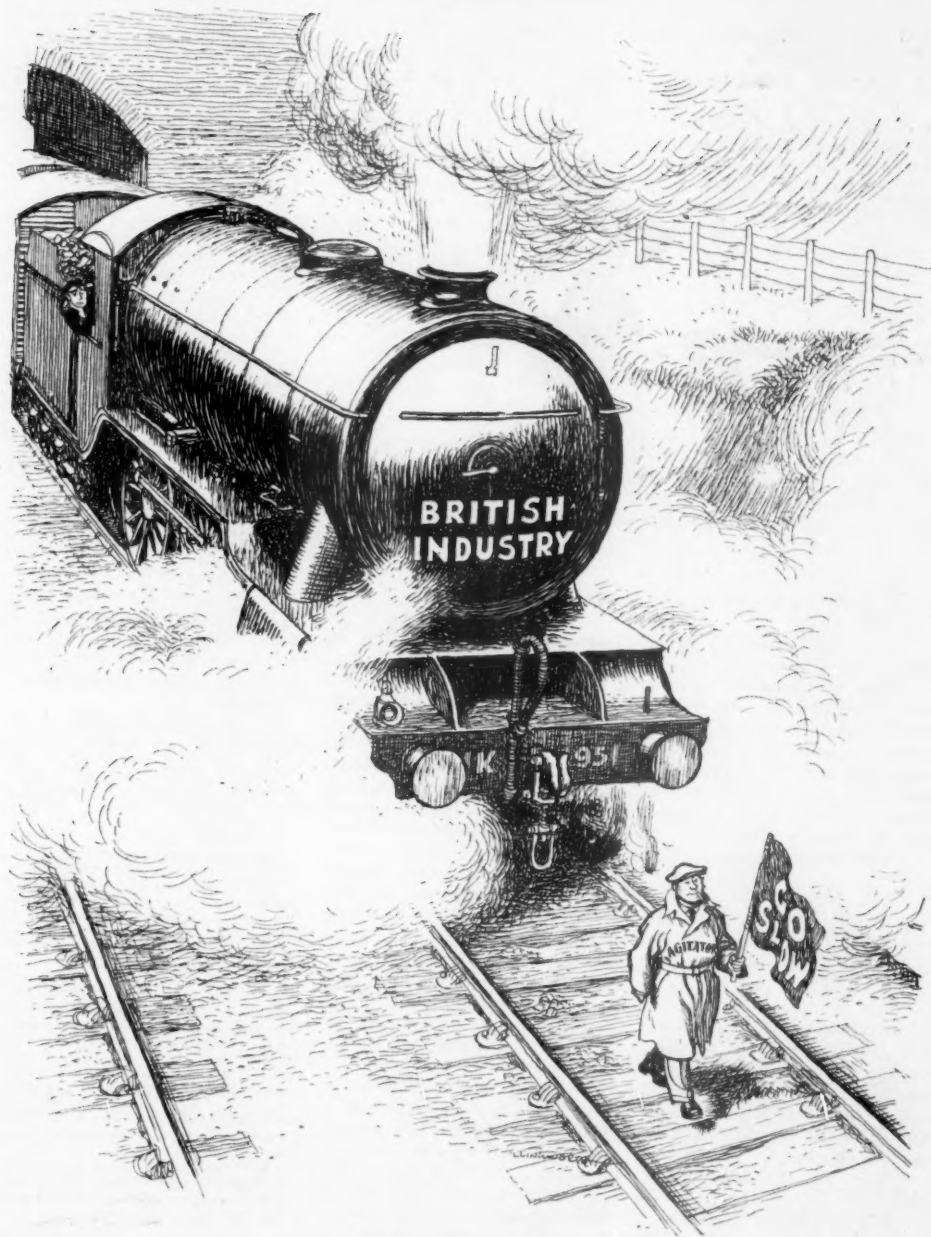
"Couldn't 'ave. Arnold was with Perce, on fish."

"What, on a Tuesday?" The man in shirt-sleeves was really surprised this time. And disgusted. "Blimey, it's getting like blind man's perishin' buff!"

Then he saw me again.

"You want the summer time-tables, mate," he said, not unkindly.

"No, no," I said. "I saw an advertisement saying that you



THE RED FLAG



"No, I don't think one would suit you!"

would arrange my summer holiday. I thought—"

"Can't do nothing till then," said the man. "Sorry."

"This advertisement," I said, "tells the public to ask at any station or agency. So I'm asking." I tried to take the sting out of this with a little smile, but the man only gave me a long, intent stare and began to unwrap a small, square fruit pie, frosted with sugar.

"You saw an advert., is that it?"

"Yes. It was—"

"Where did you see this advert.?"

"Here. In the station yard."

"When?"

"Just now."

He bit the pie and put it down, then slowly moved out of sight, keeping his eye on me as long as possible. Presently a door opened and he came out. He was a bigger man than I had supposed, and wore very new goloshes.

"Show me the advert.," he said.

"It's not here now. It was—"

But he had gone in again, slamming the door. When his face

reappeared at the window it had a controlled look. He was a man who had made every allowance. Now the thing was done with.

"You want to get 'ome to bed, guv," he said. "Day in bed works wonders." And he moved the pie, blew a few crumbs through the window and began inscribing a blank season ticket with flowing railway calligraphy. I had begun to protest when there was a noisy bout of date-stamping from the next window, and the disembodied voice, drawing nearer, said "Perce and Arnold's trying for time and a half on fish. They reckon the old man keeps makin' new reggerlations and never telling nobody, and half the 'errings keep coming labelled 'adlock."

He came into view, a thick-set man with a heavy ginger moustache. He threw the date-stamp down.

"Mind my pie," said the man in shirt-sleeves. They exchanged a glance which somehow included me, and both turned away on a pretence of studying the ticket racks. The man in shirt-sleeves spoke in a rapid and emphatic undertone, the other shaking his head from time to time and clicking his tongue in

sympathetic exasperation. Then they both came to the window.

"Look, mate," said the one with the moustache. "You don't want to be a nuisance under the by-laws. Why not get along 'ome, eh? Otherwise me an' my colleague—"

It was then that I caught sight of the van, backing slowly into the yard. The poster on its side was boldly legible.

"There!" I shouted, pointing. "Now perhaps you'll believe me?"

I was afraid for a moment that they weren't going to come out. The suspense was awful. But the British tradition of fair play was their unconscious heritage, and I had to be given the benefit of the doubt. They came, slowly and full of potential aggression, and stood, poised, in the doorway.

"There!" I cried.

But by one of those unlucky chances so common in my experience my finger was now pointing at an advertisement for the sale of tractors, combine harvesters and miscellaneous agricultural machinery billed to take place the next day in the heart of Berkshire. The van, which had momentarily obscured it, was bounding rapidly out of sight down the cobbles of the station approach.

It seemed to me, after a hasty appraisal of my position, that I could do worse than follow its example. J. B. BOOTHROYD

"RAILWAY SERVICES THROUGHOUT ARGENTINA PRACTICALLY NORMAL

With the exception of some inconveniences on the Ferrocarril General Roca, the activities on the majority of the railway systems throughout the country can be considered to be normal, states an official communique.

The workers have shown a high level of patriotism by continuing their tasks on the General Mitre, Urquiza and Sarmiento railways. More than 8,000 persons were transported by four electric trains before midday between Once and Moreno station. All the night trains arrived at their respective terminals in a normal manner, and the whole of the railway personnel worked as usual. All railway activity in the interior of the country has been normal.

Editor's Note.—As we go to press we have received information direct from each main-line railway station to the effect that not a single train is running.

Argentine paper

Just what is normal in those parts?

I WASN'T THERE, BUT...

In producing this commentary on last night's play in the Test match I should, perhaps, point out that I haven't really had very much time to think about what I'm writing. The first editions of the London evening papers go to press quite disgracefully early; and, in addition, to-day's official reports from Australia have been delayed by sunspots. However, a person has kindly brought me the score sheet, so with any luck I may be able to fill a good bit of my space. And my many admirers will be glad to know that I intend to sacrifice none of the better known beauties of my prose style.

* * * * *

ENGLAND are fighting. Whether they can actually pass Australia's total remains to be seen. Everything, in the end, must depend upon the pitch. Should it break, the spinners will be able to take charge. In Iverson and Ian Johnson Australia have the men to make the most of the situation. Finger spin and flight will be their good servants and teasing length their hand-maiden.

Nor let us forget those versatile fellows Miller and Bill Johnston, who, each in their several ways, can offer right-arm off-tweakers and left-arm slow stuff. Truly, they are versatile, these Australians. . . .

* * * * *

And yet, if England's batsmen will but use their feet, our problems can be surmounted. "It's not only the arms and wrists and elbows, it's the legs, knees and feet as well that make a batsman," Alf Gover used to tell me. Such, too, were the teachings of Charles Fry, giant-reputed yet genial.

For by getting to the pitch of the ball and by playing up and down the line of the thing our men can show that they have not forgotten the principles that once made our batsmanship great.

* * * * *

On the other hand, the pitch may not break for a day or so. In that case England must go for the runs. Their object must be to score as many as possible in as short a

time as possible without taking any unnecessary risks. Then, if our bowlers can back them up by getting Australia out quickly and cheaply, we may well win the game.

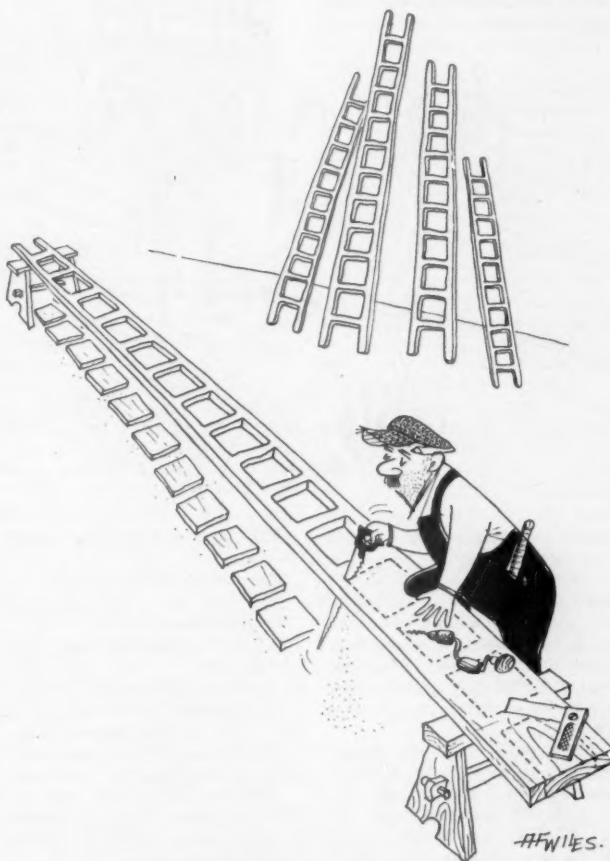
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But our fielding must not slacken; no, not for an instant. "Missed catches lose matches," Sir Pelham Warner was once heard to remark; and Freddie Brown's men would do well to ponder the words

of England's old captain. For it is only from the stony paths of experience that we can attain the smoother ways of success.

And success *can* be ours. It is there for the winning, out there in the bright, body-browning Australian sunshine. Yes, England can do it—but whether they will or not remains to be seen.

For my own part, I am an incurable optimist. In every way.



STEAMERS OUT OF SEASON

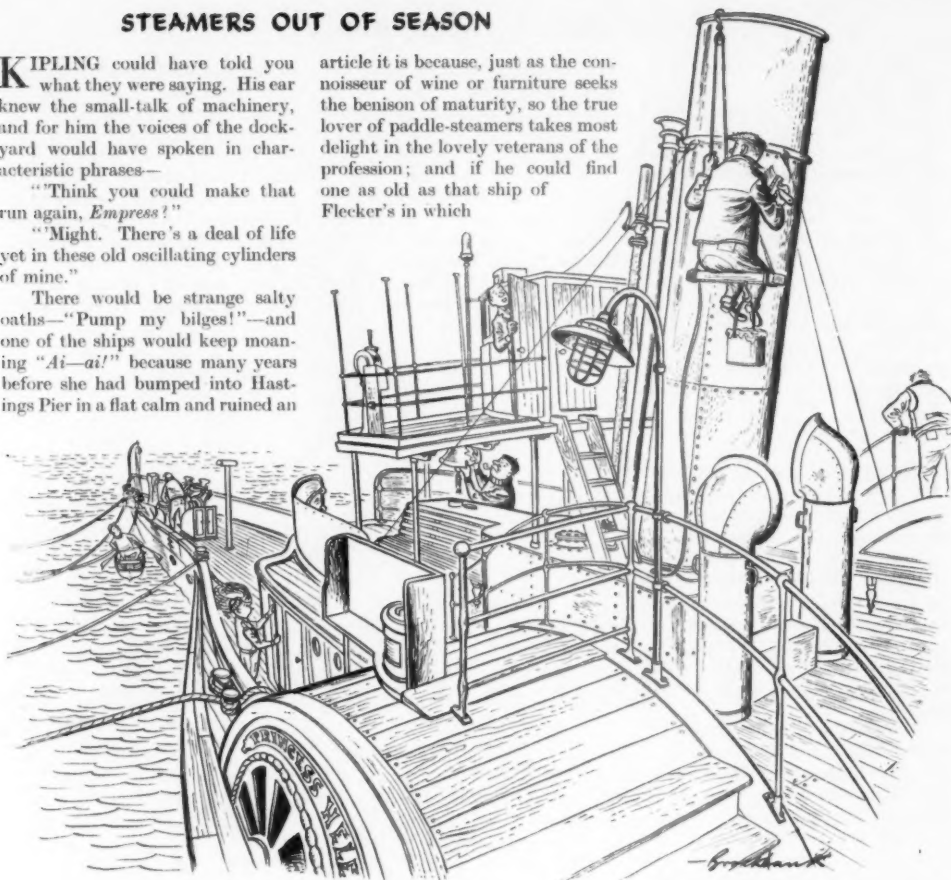
KIPLING could have told you what they were saying. His ear knew the small-talk of machinery, and for him the voices of the dock-yard would have spoken in characteristic phrases—

"Think you could make that run again, *Empress*?"

"Might. There's a deal of life yet in these old oscillating cylinders of mine."

There would be strange salty oaths—"Pump my bilges!"—and one of the ships would keep moaning "*Ai—ai!*" because many years before she had bumped into Hastings Pier in a flat calm and ruined an

article it is because, just as the connoisseur of wine or furniture seeks the benison of maturity, so the true lover of paddle-steamers takes most delight in the lovely veterans of the profession; and if he could find one as old as that ship of Flecker's in which



angling competition, and could never forget it.

They would have much to talk about, these old paddle-steamers, if they could talk, and adequate time to talk in, for the season runs from June to September, more or less, and October to May they spend in their dressing-rooms titivating for the new season.

Take these three old ladies, wintering at Weymouth. Reading from left to right—from port to starboard, that is—they are *r.s. Victoria*, *r.s. Empress* and *r.s. Emperor of India*. *r.s.* stands for—oh, you'd guessed. Sorry.

Empress is the oldest of the three. If age is stressed somewhat in this

That talkative, bald-headed seaman came

From Troy's doom-laden shore,
And with great lies about his
wooden horse

Set the crew laughing, and forgot
his course

he would swarm aboard her with never a thought that she might take him to Circe's island instead of Lulworth Cove or, as Flecker suggested, break into leaf along the woodwork.

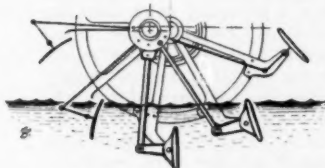
Empress, then, was built in 1879; she has an iron hull and reciprocating engines that have only one counterpart in Great Britain, or possibly anywhere. Once she had a bell-mouthed funnel, too, but alas, that has been sacrificed to progress.

Victoria is five years younger. Visualize a seventy-year-old railway engine; visualize a motor-car only fifty years old, an aeroplane twenty, and you can get an idea of how admirably those shipbuilders worked. *Victoria* has the other surviving reciprocating engine, but she is made of steel, a new-fangled innovation which she introduced to the Weymouth fleet. *Emperor of India* is a chit of a girl, built as recently as 1906; she is given to modern ways, too, burns oil instead of coal, and soldiered in two wars, serving as minesweeper and A.A. ship. Also her owners have just built her a new covered bridge and repanelled her saloon in cedarwood;

Victoria and Empress, whose bridges are of iron rails and canvas, might express themselves in rather unladylike terms on the subject.

Still, *Empress* had her moment, when, for the film of *Great Expectations*, she was tricked out with a built-up bridge and quarter-deck, a greatly-elongated funnel and a figurehead in the bows, and set to run down a rowing-boat in the river. True, she could only be looked at from the port side, the starboard not having been similarly treated; but for all we know the same may be true of *Ava Gardner*.

None of them looks particularly saucy at the moment, anyway. They have silly little conical hats on their funnels to keep the elements out; their paintwork and their brass are dull, and if you go down to the saloons you will find all the furniture stripped and piled up in heaps.



Stroudley's feathering paddle wheel
1880

The engines are screened with canvas, and a casual paper bag, a seaman's cap, a pad of indents for coal and stores, and a tin mug lie about in the engine-room.

Much will be done before the new season begins. First, the bilges must be cleaned out by pumping, and by manual labour when the pumps have done all they can. Then each ship in turn will go up on the slip to have her bottom scraped and her hull examined. Once in every four years she will have a special survey in which all the plates are drilled to test their thickness, and replacements made as necessary.

Then men on ladders will paint the funnel and the upper works, and men suspended over the side on sling-seats will paint the hull. The decks will be caulked, the life-boats tested and their equipment checked; and down below men will

be overhauling those ageless engines. All this must be done every year before the passenger licence is renewed.

Finally, the real titivation begins; the upholstery in the saloon is spring-cleaned, and everything tidied up and put back into place, so that the shambles below decks burgeons into the bright, friendly scene we know as we trundle along to Swanage or Bournemouth. And, most important, the catering side is dealt with, the galleys and the linen and the crockery are prepared for next season's luncheons, dinners and teas. The company does its own catering, and sets a very high standard.

On the slip at present is *Consul* (aged fifty-five), who is having her four-yearly waterline survey. Some of her plates have been removed, and through the gaps an expert can see how the stem has been reinforced to enable her to perform this fleet's speciality, their imitation of a landing-craft at Lulworth Cove. They simply drive straight up on to the beach until they ground: an impressive, if somewhat startling, act.

Here on the slip the very flat bottom can be seen, one of the great advantages these ships have for coastal work. You can examine, too, the feathering mechanism of the paddle-floats, a simple refinement which gives them the same action as a swimmer's hand.

Not at Weymouth only, but in the Thames, at Southampton, in the Clyde and the Bristol Channel these activities are going on. But it should not be thought that all paddle-ships are purely pleasure craft, sailing in a permanent aura of light music, bunting and ever-open bars. You will not, it is true, find them butting through the Channel with a cargo of firewood, iron-ware and cheap tin

trays. But there is certainly one cargo paddle-steamer in service; and since she was built in 1876 and still has indefinite life in her, and since she is probably the only ship

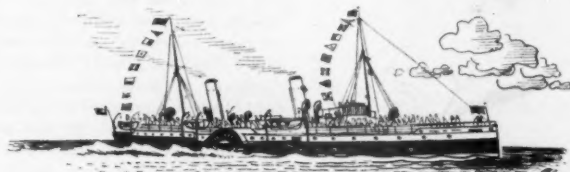


of her kind, she is worth a glance before we go.

Here she is, the *Lord Elgin*, running fifty tons of cargo daily between Southampton and Cowes, with a derrick aft of the funnel and a hold where the saloon ought to be. Captain Sewley, her skipper, has been in her for twenty-eight years; his father was A.B. in her before him, and his brother sold chocolates in her as a boy in the days when she carried something other than drums and packing-cases and cars and livestock. Captain Sewley has a very proper pride in his unique command.

Nor should it be thought that all pleasure-steamers are paddle-ships. But to those of us who see no virtue in a streamlined toaster the true quintessence of pleasure-cruising can only be obtained with a narrow, sharp bow ahead and a plashing paddle on either side and a pair of monster pistons hissing and plunging down below; and we can hardly wait for these old ladies to break out once again from their annual chrysalises and come alongside the pier for the start of the new season.

B. A. YOUNG



AT THE PICTURES

The Thirteenth Letter
The Franchise Affair



I'm sure *Le Corbeau*, a French film which ran for a time over here about three years ago without making much of a stir, was considerably better than *The Thirteenth Letter* (Director: OTTO PREMINGER), which if not adapted from it is plainly adapted from the same original; but, though I know I enjoyed the French picture, I must admit I can remember hardly anything about it, not even the players. Except, that is, for the basic theme of the story, which had to do with a plague of anonymous letters in a small French town. In the new version the scene is French Canada: the picture was "photographed in its entirety in a small French-Canadian town in the Province of Quebec," and its use of these pleasantly unhackneyed surroundings is one of the best things about it. How it differs otherwise, as I say, I can't really remember, and it's probably not fair to recall *Le Corbeau* at all, for this has good qualities in its own right. It depends on the development of suspense by gradual change of mood rather than on the mere puzzle of the anonymous writer's identity (for that can be guessed with fair accuracy after a time), and the all-round merit of the playing, the unobtrusive smooth skill of the direction set the mood and develop the suspense very suitably. There is some danger that the appearance of CHARLES BOYER as an old doctor with a stubbly beard may distract



[The Franchise Affair]
Watching Brief
Robert Blair—MICHAEL DENISON



Correspondence Column

[The Thirteenth Letter]

Dr. Laurent—CHARLES BOYER; Mme. Laurent—CONSTANCE SMITH
Mrs. Simms—FRANÇOISE ROSAY; Dr. Pearson—MICHAEL RENNIE

attention from the fact that he sinks himself unassumingly in the part. Concentration on Mr. BOYER would give a wrong impression: he is not meant to dominate the proceedings, he is one of a very good team, which includes CONSTANCE SMITH as the doctor's young wife, MICHAEL RENNIE as the young doctor who is the chief target for the anonymous abuse, and LINDA DARNELL as a feverish cripple. (One curious point, by the way, suggests that the translation from the French is throughout almost literal: when the young doctor is sounding her with his stethoscope he says "Say thirty-three.")

One of those little requests turns up with *The Franchise Affair* (Director: LAWRENCE HUNTINGTON): "The Press are asked not to divulge the ending of this story as it will detract from the enjoyment of the film." Such a pronouncement seems to me to show notable lack of confidence, partly in the film and partly in the average moviegoer, and I never see the point of the request except in connection with the most pedestrian, mathematical, highly-organized kind of whodunit. Surely an audience whose enjoyment of a film is going to be seriously affected by the knowledge that all ends happily or that X turns out to be the villain has very limited

powers of appreciation. Don't they want *any* pleasure but the pleasure of guessing right, or wrong? Anyway, I personally don't think the merit of *The Franchise Affair* depends in the least on the "twist" at the end, though I will loyally forbear to tell those of you who don't know already (from the original novel by JOSEPHINE TEY) what it is. The story concerns a mother and daughter (MARJORIE FIELDING and DULCIE GRAY) who are accused of having kidnapped and ill-treated a girl, and the young local solicitor (MICHAEL DENISON) who sets out to establish their innocence. Though more decorated with good "bit" acting, the piece has something of the air of a solid, worthy play: literate, sometimes witty dialogue, strong court-scene climax. Unpretentiously good.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Pick of the week in London is really *César*, the third (*Marius* and *Fanny* were the others) of MARCEL PAGNOL's rich pictures of Marseilles life, with the irreplaceable RAIMU.

Releases include a remarkably (and I think intentionally) funny piece of Technicolor "historical" nonsense, *The Flame and the Arrow* (3/1/51) and a nicely-made British thriller, *The Dark Man* (7/2/51).

RICHARD MALLETT

RECALL

"WELL," said Simpson, emerging from the telephone box at the club with a complacent smile. "It's come at last. The postman has handed a letter from the War Office to Mrs. Gudgeon, the woman who does for me, and she thought she had better ring me up at once so that I can call at the cleaners and find out if they are capable of undyeing my Army overcoat, which they dyed dark brown for me in 1946."

We looked at him in surprise. The Army, we felt, must be in a pretty bad way if they needed Simpson back in it. He is forty-four, near the maximum age-limit for recall, and except for a flair for making drinkable cocktails from Cyprus brandy and Egyptian gin has no special technical knowledge whatever. He was demobbed with a very early group a week before Japan surrendered, and it was generally considered that there was a close connection between the two events, Japan arguing that so long as Simpson remained in the Army they need not abandon hope.

"Did Mrs. Gudgeon actually open the letter?" asked Brigadier Hogg, who is one of those odd types who really enjoyed being in the Army, and is rather peeved that no septuagenarians are being recalled.

"Of course she didn't open it," said Simpson. "But the War Office could not possibly be writing to me about anything else. As a matter of fact the War Office and I have not been on speaking or writing terms lately. The blighters did me down for one pound four and elevenpence back pay, and I made it quite clear in my final letter that I wished to have no further dealings with them. After a ticking-off like that they would not have the face to write again unless my country needed me, and needed me pretty badly."

"If they have recalled you," said Brigadier Hogg sarcastically, "will you let bygones be bygones, and accede to their request?"

Simpson took a thoughtful sip at his beer and then nodded.

"At a time like this," he said,

"I can hardly refuse, if they make me a reasonable offer. If they care to promote me to lieutenant-colonel and let me spend my fifteen days on an air-trip to Kugombaland and back, I am willing to forgive and forget. But this time I shall insist on cash in advance. I'm not going to be caught for one pound four and elevenpence again."

I strolled back to Simpson's flat with him, and he said that when he had fixed up terms with the War Office he would use his influence to get me recalled as well.

"It would be like old times," he said, "the two of us together for a few days in Kugombaland, with respectful Kugomba batmen to press our clothes for us and clean

our shoes and bring us tea to our tents in the morning. I don't suppose they will be willing to make both of us lieutenant-colonels, but I'll do my best to get you at least a majority."

I thanked him, and when we entered his flat he picked up the letter, which Mrs. Gudgeon had left lying on the table.

"Cunning fellows," he said, "at the War Office. This is not the actual letter of recall but a notification that they have unravelled my pay tangle at last and paid one pound four and elevenpence into my account. I expect the recall letter will come to-morrow . . . Why, it's nothing more nor less than bribery."

D. H. BARBER



"Really, Mr. Leaford. This schizophrenia of yours is beginning to get me worried."

ORGANIZATION AND METHOD

"WHAT do you do exactly in the office?"

"I take papers out of a tray labelled IN and put them in a tray labelled OUT."

"What's in these papers?"

"They start with a letter. This letter comes into the office and it's registered."

"Couldn't it come through the ordinary post?"

"Registering means numbering and putting in a file. It's done in registry. Then it's charged out."

"They needn't be in such a hurry to get rid of it, need they?"

"They're not in any hurry at all. Charging out means registry make a record of wherever they're sending it to, that's all."

"And where they're sending it to is you."

"Not yet. I've got to be advised."

"I don't see why you need any advice other than the thing arriving."

"I don't mean I'm sent a consignee's note. I'm talking about advice on how to deal with it. Suppose it's got to do with finance. Registry send it to the financial division. There it's charged in."

"They're reluctant to take it."

"Not reluctant to take it any more than registry were in a hurry to get rid of it. Charging in simply

means the division receiving it make a record that it's arrived. Then they get to work on it. They may find they need precedents. They send to registry for them."

"And registry get them together and charge them out?"

"Yes."

"And when they get to the financial division they're charged in?"

"Exactly."

"So now, instead of just one letter they've got a great big bundle of files. I'm beginning to see the way the thing works. They're ready to deal with the letter now?"

"Unless there's some point not covered by the precedents. There might be a legal point, for instance."

"So they send for precedents on the legal point."

"It's the financial division we're talking about, remember. It's hardly their business to decide what's at issue on a point of law, is it?"

"Isn't it?"

"No. They send it to the legal division."

"The original letter, or the whole bundle of files?"

"The whole bundle of files."

"Taking care to charge them out, I suppose."

"Of course. And sending a note of the charging to registry so that registry can be kept up to date with their whereabouts."

"I understand. And when they fetch up in the legal division they're charged in?"

"Naturally."

"And charged out when they're done with. I know. Let's assume that when they get back to the financial division all the points are covered."

"It's unlikely."

"Let's assume, just for the sake of argument, that they are. What happens then?"

"There's one possibility. The man who wrote the letter may be worried about it by this time, wondering if it's arrived."

"Not knowing it's been registered, and is safe."

"He writes in asking if we've got it. We send him an answer."

"To his first letter?"

"No, his second one, telling him the first one is receiving attention. This holds the first letter up a bit, of course. The files have all got to go to the typists."

"And be charged out?"

"Yes."

"And a note of the charging sent to registry. And be charged in when they get to the typists. And charged out when they send them back to the financial division, and a note of the charging sent to registry. And be charged in again in the financial division?"

"That's right."

"We got that over pretty quickly. What happens then?"

"Why then we're back where we were before the chap sent in his second letter. The fellow who's dealing with it in the financial division reads through the precedents and the advice from the legal division, and puts a minute on the papers saying what his view of the matter is, and how he thinks it ought to be dealt with."

"Why doesn't he go ahead and answer the letter?"

"He's not a high enough rank to do that. His job is to make the first suggestion, that's all."

"Who does he make this suggestion to? You?"

"Not to me. He's only in the clerical grade. To his superior in the executive grade."

"And the superior in the executive grade puts it to you, I suppose? You're in the administrative grade, aren't you?"

"That's right. He does. He may endorse what the fellow in the clerical grade has said, or he may make some alternative suggestion of his own."

"And you, what do you do? I should think the whole thing must have become pretty complicated by this time, hasn't it, with all these precedents to consider, and conflicting opinions to weigh up? Don't you find it difficult?"

"Well, no—at least, if I do I pass it all up to my superior."





"What wouldn't I give for a good old-fashioned Nanny!"



"I keep wondering if we ought to tip him."

THE VANISHED RACE

WHEN I think of the number of Chinamen I have lost during my life it almost makes me cry. Some people call them Chinese, but I call them Chinamen—like chessmen, when all the good pieces are broken or lost—and now there is nothing left on the board but a wretched drove of three or four million pawns, painted red.

There was the Chinaman in silk robes, with a long moustache, and a hat with a little button on it, and a lion-dog in his sleeve; and I think I saw him on rice paper in a book, and he had queer shoes, but he was also made of porcelain and nodded his head.

And there was a Chinaman who said "Confucius, Confucius, how great is Confucius," and did nothing else, so far as I knew, the whole day long.

It was either this man or the other man who kept saving his face while he pinched his daughters' feet.

And there was the Chinese soldier who went out to battle with an umbrella, and I was told that he enlisted as a general and worked his way through the army till he ended up at the top as a lance-corporal, still wearing a pig-tail, and what is he doing to-day?

And there was the Chinaman who wouldn't use gunpowder, except for fireworks, which he let off to celebrate the New Year, and he had crackers and lanterns and dragon boats, and flew box-kites for fun. He pulled me along in a rickshaw, and kept a silkworm, and washed clothes.

And then there was the queer Chinaman who carried his father about in a coffin wherever he went, which I always thought rather a strange thing to do, and he used pidgin English; so that I supposed when he went into a restaurant to have chop-suey he left his father in the cloakroom and said "Dis one piecy

coffin, my olo fader. How muchee?" and was very careful to keep the ticket, because if he lost it he might get somebody else's fader to carry about all the rest of his days. This man also was religious, though I don't know whether he was a Confucian or a Buddhist, or merely believed in The Way. When he wanted to speak of a man who was irreligious he used to say of him "He no hab top-sidey pidgin."

None of the piecys left on my board now seem to have any top-sidey pidgin, unless perhaps it is Lenin's tomb.

And there was the Chinaman who ate puppy dogs and bird's nest soup and a great deal of rice. I never wanted to eat the rice nor the puppy dogs, but I always wanted to have some bird's nest soup.

And then there was the Chinaman who despised all fighting, and considered that the warrior was the lowest of the low, and when he retired from the Civil Service, which was ineffably corrupt but the only profession he could endure, he spent the rest of his life in painting pictures of ducks and deer and bamboos, and wrote poetry, and got rather drunk, on what kind of wine I never knew. But he also drank tea, which could only be made with water that bubbled from a mountain spring. One hears very little about him to-day, and unless he has gone to Formosa I don't suppose I shall ever see him again.

Nor shall I see that other Chinaman, the most honest business man in the world, so different from the Japanese, but equally polite, who, bowing low with folded hands, invited the honourable customer to look at his miserable wares. Unsited, one always felt, to the advertising profession, he seemed to prosper. He wore spectacles, and his office was full of exquisite jade.

But there was of course the other side.

Sinister, almond-eyed, long-taloned, inscrutable secret-society brotherhoods, with hearts full of murder and lungs full of opium, Boxers and war lords and brigands and pirates in junks, never happy unless they had cornered the hero in an underground den and tied him up to await torture, these abominable Chinamen have been with me all my life, as well as those others; and it is the spirit of these desperadoes that has now infected my miserable pawns, moving madly about the Asiatic seaboard.

And all the worse because they spend their spare time reading Karl Marx in ideographs, working backwards from bottom to top, and from right to left, of the last page of *Das Kapital*.
EVOE

NIGHT THOUGHTS OF A BACHELOR

UNTIL day breaks I will not darn the socks
That I must wear about the world to-morrow.
I can pretend that I have ample stocks—
Until day breaks. I will not darn the socks.
Although the night is short, and Prudence mocks
My wilful blindness to the morning's sorrow,
Until day breaks I will not darn the socks
That I must wear about the world to-morrow.



MAURICE
McLOUGHLIN

THE WRITER'S CRAFT

IX. MODELS TO STUDY

"AND I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'" *Thomas de Quincey.*

"Father, I want permission to cut and carry a generous chestnut branch, burred, and full-fruited, to the young woman." *Gene Stratton-Porter.*

* * * * *

Every young writer should be content to learn from the work of others, and if he aims at heavy sales I think it is reasonable to assume that his models should be chosen from works known to have attracted the attention of a large public. It is from two such works that I have extracted the quotations with which I have begun my article—De

Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* and *Laddie*, by Gene Stratton-Porter.

First, let us give a little consideration to these quotations. The main characteristics of the De Quincey passage are brevity and forcefulness. In thirteen words we are given a sharp-edged picture of matutinal convulsions and a clear statement of a plan of campaign for the future. A lesser artist might have fallen victim to a fatal garburity: "There I was, one leg through the bed-rails, pillow on the floor, sheets all over the place. 'My goodness,' I said to myself . . ." and so on. Virility has been replaced by a weak discursiveness, and the

reader is disconcerted and bewildered by a series of mental pictures—colourful enough, admittedly, but not such as to concentrate the attention on the true gravity of De Quincey's plight.

Now let us consider the *style* of the passage. Would the effect have been increased by a whimsical treatment?—"There is a certain mischievous elf—I call him 'Lob'—who haunts the bed-chambers of opium-eating economists . . ." I think not. The previous passage ends with the words "Everlasting farewells!" and the whimsicality would in some way have to be infused into this also—no easy task. There are those who assert that De Quincey was never properly alive to the possibilities of comic relief, pointing to the absence of a drollery of some kind between "I will sleep no more!" and "Now, at last, I had become awestruck . . ." Here I am with De Quincey, who was well aware of the hazards of such devices. The principal danger is that the joke may happen to be rather obscure, and that the reader may pass on, chuckling doubtfully, and perhaps lose the full force of such phrases as "violent palpitations in some internal region" by half-consciously endeavouring to fathom all the humorous implications of the quip.

Finally, can we improve the passage in any way by the substitution of alternative words? If the reader would care to spend a few moments in considering the effect of variations such as "bel-lowed" or "roared" for "cried aloud," and "No more sleep for me!" for "I will sleep no more!" I think it will not be long before he decides to let well alone.

In the sentence from *Laddie*, apart from the evidence of tireless chipping and polishing to be found in the quaint chime of the alliteration and the sonorous vowel music, the main feature of interest is the position of the word "Father." Both *Laddie* and the *Opium-eater* are at a period of crisis—the one determined to tackle his opium problems in earnest, and the other about to make his first formal approach to the heroine's parents: naturally we expect an atmosphere



of some tension. Now let us write as follows: "I want permission to cut and carry a generous chestnut branch, burred, and full-fruited, to the young woman, father." Where is our tension now? We may put the word where we will—after "branch," "burred," "full-fruited"—the effect is spoiled.

Now let us look a little farther into these works and see what more we can learn from them. In *Laddie* the author has given us a list of characters: "Laddie—Who Loved and Asked No Questions; The Princess—From the House of Mystery; Little Sister—Who Tells What Happened; Mr. and Mrs. Stanton—Who Faced Life Shoulder to Shoulder," and so on. Why is it that De Quincey has given us no such list?—"The Druggist—Who Started It All; Lord Desert—Who Mingled Prudence With Urbanity; The Opium-Eater—Who Tells the Story." Why not?

Consider the opening of each tale: "I have often been asked—how was it, and through what series of steps, that I became an opium-eater."—"Have I got a Little Sister anywhere in this house?" inquired Laddie at the door." Might not De Quincey have used a dialogue opening? Let us try:

"Tom?"

"M'm?"

"How was it—don't want to pry, of course—"

"No, no, Bill."

"When you first began to—well, to take opium, actually—was it gradually, tentatively, mistrustingly—more or less like—oh, I'm putting this badly!—like going down a shelving beach into a deepening sea?"

"Ever had face-ache? etc., etc." —Graceful, realistic, highly readable, yet the master would have none of it. Why?

It is not my purpose to answer these questions here. For one thing, I must hurry on to my final observations, and for another, knowledge gathered in what Shelley used to call "the hard way" is most likely to be retained in the memory. Let no one imagine that I am not perfectly ready with the answers: I simply feel that my readers may derive



"Two more to come. They're just doing a hundred lines . . ."

some benefit by working out these little problems for themselves.

One final point of interest: both works, following a well-known rule, enunciated, it is said, by Milton, and strongly upheld by Mr. Michael Arlen, bring in the heroine almost immediately (in the *Confessions* I assume, reasonably enough, I think, that opium has first claim to this rôle). On the other hand, was it not Ruskin who maintained, no less strongly, that the one sure passport to public favour was the early introduction of a pet animal of some kind? In the *Opium-Eater*, at any rate, would not the atmosphere of the dreams, terrific though it

undoubtedly is, have been heightened and intensified by the skilful use of contrast—a few references, for example, to some dog of a fairly ordinary breed—a fox-terrier, perhaps?

Once more I leave the question with my readers. T. S. WATT

"Perhaps we will be eating them soon," said the Conservative tiny Labor government meat rat Gerald Williams, mindful of the tiny Labor government meat ration. "New York Herald Tribune"

Are you going to stand for that, Mr. Williams?

"DAWN STAR"

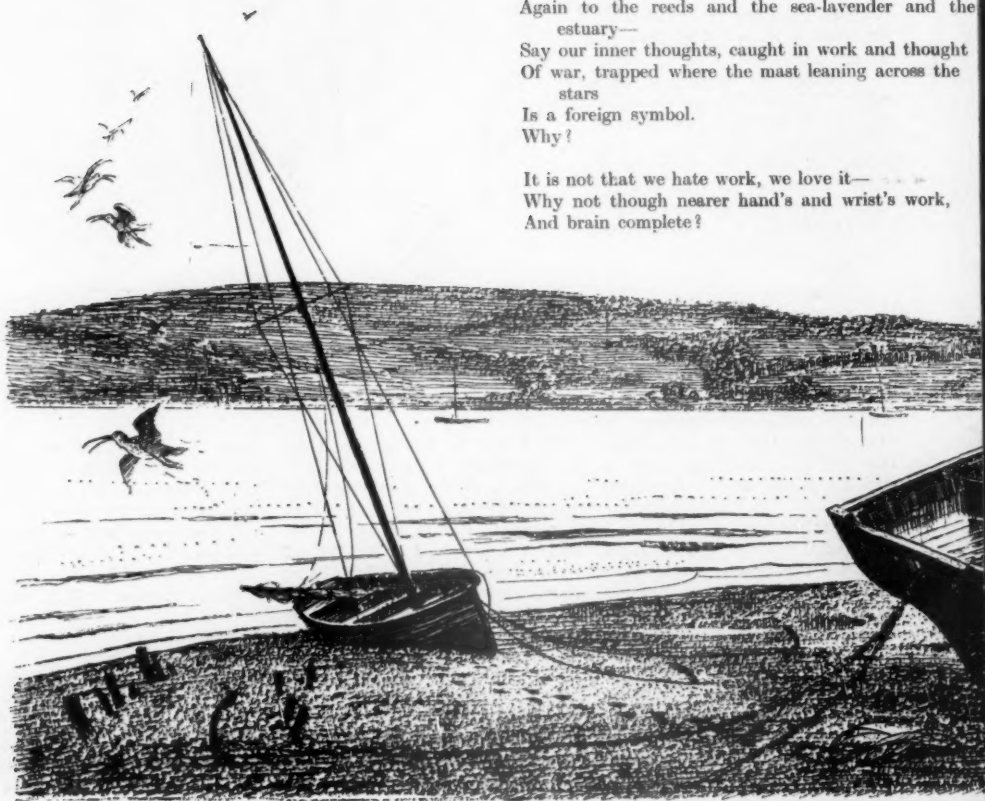
SHE lies there still,
Where our summer holiday worked out its will,
Twenty-two tons of Looe lugger on Suffolk mud.

Nothing to do with our street,
Or our daily work—to do with the skies,
And tides, and birds' cries, and the little helm
Of the dinghy we kept alongside.

We contemplate from the grey, dirty, February
streets
This interlude we played with wind and current,
And the gravel "hard" of little Pin Mill.

Again to the reeds and the sea-lavender and the
estuary—
Say our inner thoughts, caught in work and thought
Of war, trapped where the mast leaning across the
stars
Is a foreign symbol.
Why?

It is not that we hate work, we love it—
Why not though nearer hand's and wrist's work,
And brain complete?



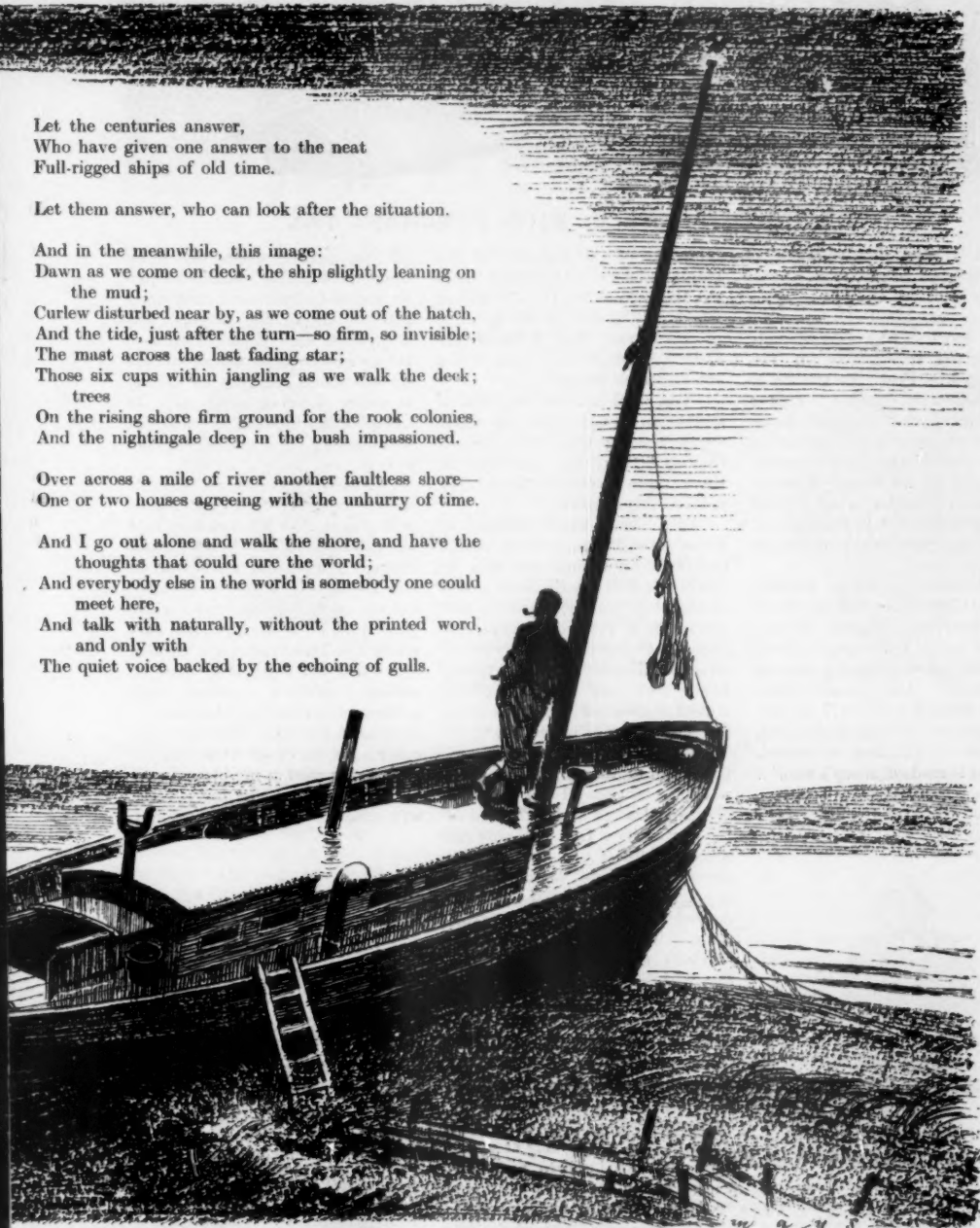
Let the centuries answer,
Who have given one answer to the neat
Full-rigged ships of old time.

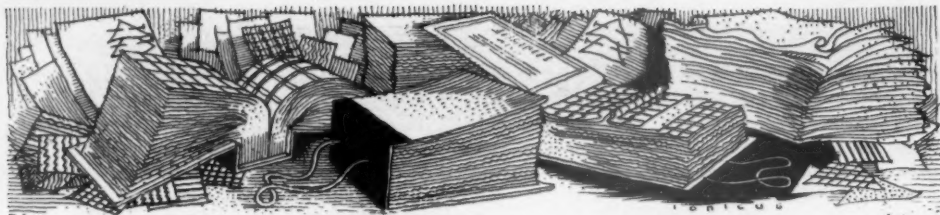
Let them answer, who can look after the situation.

And in the meanwhile, this image:
Dawn as we come on deck, the ship slightly leaning on
the mud;
Curlew disturbed near by, as we come out of the hatch,
And the tide, just after the turn—so firm, so invisible;
The mast across the last fading star;
Those six cups within jangling as we walk the deck;
trees
On the rising shore firm ground for the rook colonies,
And the nightingale deep in the bush impassioned.

Over across a mile of river another faultless shore—
One or two houses agreeing with the unhurry of time.

And I go out alone and walk the shore, and have the
thoughts that could cure the world;
And everybody else in the world is somebody one could
meet here,
And talk with naturally, without the printed word,
and only with
The quiet voice backed by the echoing of gulls.





THE GOLDEN FLEECE, PLUS PURCHASE TAX

ONE of the disadvantages of being an Englishman is that you are expected to have so many things in your blood—the sea, commerce, sport, a way with animals, shopkeeping, wool and so on. Yes, even wool. "From the twelfth to the nineteenth century," says a writer in my children's encyclopædia, "wool was the chief industrial material in Britain. It was largely responsible for the country's wealth and the accumulation of capital assets at home and in the Empire. It was the very life-blood of the nation."

Well, I don't doubt it. Doesn't the Lord Chancellor sit on the Wool-sack in the House of Lords? Wasn't there an Act of Parliament in 1665 that made burial in woollen shrouds compulsory? And wasn't there another resolution, in 1677, requiring all persons "to wear no garment, stockings, or other sort of apparel, but what is made of sheep's wool"? We know that many of our churches, mansions, roads and railings were

built out of the proceeds of this staple industry. We know, don't we, that Alfred the Great's mother was highly skilled in the spinning of wool, and that Edward the Elder's daughters were more or less glued to their looms?

Yes, wool was the life-blood of the nation all right. My one regret—prices being what they are—is that so little of the stuff, long or short staple, is coursing through my veins at this moment.

In Australia the expectation of life of sheep has rocketed in recent months. An animal has only to reveal a hint of hirsuteness and it is immediately granted a pardon and placed in a reserved occupation. Cross-bred hoggets can insure themselves on the most favourable terms. I am told, and ancient wethers remain untroubled by reflections on the intimations of mortality.

English sheep, too, have benefited from the boom. In the Cotswolds the other day I met hundreds of them bleating their approval of the new regime. Call me a silly old sentimentalist if you like, but I'll swear that these beasts looked happier, more self-assured and independent than usual—even a trifle smug. They ate steadily, unhurriedly, as though they knew that they had all the time in the world to clear the limestone escarpment of its covering of sweet grass. There was a new liveliness in their walk and a new and confident ring to their reiterated *Baa-aa*. And they wore their fleeces proudly, perhaps ostentatiously—as they could well afford to with wool selling at something like two hundred and fifty pence a pound.

After chattering for some time with a disgruntled shepherd who

told me, between ciders, that in his opinion the M.C.C.'s indifferent performances in Australia were directly attributable to the players' pre-occupation with the wool sales—a theory I had not seen advanced even by the most captious of cricket reporters—I made my way to Chipping Norton and a celebrated manufactory of West of England tweeds.

This factory has no possible connection with Blake's dark Satanic mills. It is built of warm Cotswold stone in a style faintly Victorian and strongly reminiscent of castles on the Rhine. It is set in a valley among gently rolling and vividly green hills on a site that was earmarked in Domesday. Its workers are descended from long lines of carders, spinners, weavers and millers, and its managers bear names familiar in Scotland, Yorkshire and other nurseries of the wool trade.

Having wool in my blood I was not greatly put out by the impressive nomenclature of the machines



and processes. Just as every Englishman worth his salt can knot a bowline on a bight, so he remembers the mnemonics of his "school cert." days. "H.A.C.K." was always one of my favourites, and Hargreaves' spinning jenny, Arkwright's water-frame, Crompton's mule and Kay's flying shuttle saw me through many a tight corner in history exams.

I inspected the willevers who stood in a snow-storm of fleece



suitable for very gentle gentlefolk, and there are loosely woven, shaggy, porous and odoriferous tweeds suitable for spartans in tartans; and between these extremes there are countless varieties suitable for bookmakers, hikers, barrow-boys, archers, anglers, gardeners, golfers . . . well, for everybody, whether he is bowler-hatted in Bond Street or cloth-capped in Coketown.

Tweel, did I say? Well, yes, that is the correct name for the stuff. The word "tweed" sprang from a clerical error for which Scotland can be grateful to some unknown Cockney invoice clerk. This slip of the pen occurred in 1826 and has gone entirely and shamefully unrewarded.

My mnemonics, though useful, could not cover my ignorance for ever: soon my mutterings about mules and flying shuttles lost their effect, and my guide saw me as I was. His subsequent efforts to ram information and explanation down my throat were strenuous but unavailing . . . We were examining a "dobby" loom, a machine in which the magic shuttle flies at ninety picks or beats a minute, and in which a single broken thread automatically throws the contraption out of gear and summons the weaver to stand by for repairs.

beside a machine known as a "fear-nought," a ferocious instrument that shakes up the wool from the compressed bales, opens the staples and blends various fibres into a mixture suitable for carding. At this stage the wool looks no more like tweed than the tufts of grey, flossy fluff that sometimes decorate barbed-wire fences in the country, but carding, spinning, weaving, perching, picking, milling, burling, mending, shrinking, cropping, cutting, tentering and napping—which are a few of the processes that caught my eye, though not in that order—seem to exert a powerful influence on the material and convert it eventually into the broad backs of Rotten Row and Newmarket.

There are of course many kinds of tweed or tweel—Scotch, Harris, Cheviot, Irish, Yorkshire, Saxony as well as West of England. There are finely woven and hairless tweeds

"To calculate the speed of the loom," said my guide, "you multiply the drum on the line shaft by its number of revolutions per minute and divide by the loom pulley."

"H.A.C.K.," I said.

But I *did* learn something. I learned, for example, that dry or properly-aired and ready-to-wear tweeds contain sixteen per cent of moisture; that to be on tenter-hooks is to be caught up and stretched to



a required width on a tentering machine; that rag-and-bone men or, as they now prefer to be called, mungo and shoddy dealers are the new élite of the textiles industries (shoddy is waste wool—old sweaters, rags, socks and so on; mungo is high-class shoddy); that even the best trouserings are sometimes *over-shrunk* and tend to grow longer when worn, but that no clothier has yet adapted the phenomenon to the needs of growing schoolboys; that the size and boldness of fashionable checks vary from year to year with the general economic situation; and that neither the manufacture nor the manufacturer of first-class tweeds can be hustled.

I left the Cotswolds and hurried home. Fortunately I was just in time to rescue my 1931 blazer and other items of excellent mungo from the out-basket. It was a near thing though. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"But look here—I haven't had a new one since 1898."

A. W. O. L.

DEAR HEADMASTER,—I cannot help feeling rather hurt by the cold tone of your letter. After all, it is not as if I were one of the slacker members of your staff. It is my keenness in all departments of school life that has necessitated my taking the short holiday of which you complain.

Surely it is rather far-fetched to talk of my throwing extra burdens on my colleagues. Before leaving for my long week-end at the sea I covered three blackboards with elaborate instructions for the work of my classes, and this I did in my spare time. My pupils are well disciplined and inspired with enthusiasm for their studies and will make no demands on the masters supervising them. All my colleagues have to do is to sit at my desk and read or mark books. Indeed, their not being able to smoke during a free period will make my absence financially advantageous to them. I also left on the notice board in the

Common Room some helpful notes for the guidance of those relieving me in charge of out-of-school activities.

It is a perfect day. I am writing this in a shelter looking out over the English Channel. Gulls wheel above the blue-green waves and this evening I am going to the Winter Gardens. The food at the hotel is plentiful and appetizing and the guests include a charming knight with whom I have had several drinks. He left teaching after a year and has made a tremendous success of stockbroking. Yesterday I walked the whole length of the Esplanade. To-morrow I am going for a coach trip to the tea gardens at Blackdean. The day after I shall be back with my vital forces recharged, and the school will feel the benefit immediately.

Your remark that my conduct is that of a schoolboy, though hostile in intention, really puts my side of it rather well. Schoolboys take

every opportunity to relax, and they remain far more energetic throughout the term than their teachers. They are always retiring to the sanatorium for a rest. The achievements of our Old Boys, to which you referred on Speech Day, are a good advertisement for this sensible attitude to fatigue. I cannot understand why you say your surprise at my behaviour is increased by the fact that I have served the school for twenty-three years. The longer the service the greater the wear and tear.

I am eating congress tarts out of a paper bag, and the rug round my knees is covered with crumbs. What a pity it is too early for bathing. Nothing soothes me like floating gently on a warm sea. A girl in red earrings has just asked me for a light; this would never have happened if I had stayed back in the Common Room. I have been feeling for some time that my lessons were too divorced from life. I am

enclosing a small stick of rock for you and some postcards from the kiosk on the pier as I do not want you to feel that your strictures have left any scar on our relationship.

The paragraph of your letter dealing with finance is very confused, though no doubt it is hard to expect a classical scholar to feel at home with figures. You suggest that as my salary covers a full term's work followed by a holiday of fixed length, this little jaunt creates a debt from me to the governing body. Since you raise the matter, I will point out that large sums are owed by the governing body to me. If I charged overtime for all the work I do beyond the reasonable share of out-of-school duties mentioned by your predecessor on my appointment it would heavily increase the fees. Without any formal revision of my contract, all sorts of work has been loaded on me as a result of the improvements to the school which you mentioned, so gossip has it, in your application for the Headship of Hunbury. Please accept my sympathy for your failure to pull the job off. However, as you have often told us, teaching is a vocation, and narrow interpretations of the terms of our employment are out of place. I am interpreting the terms of mine as liberally as possible. At three-thirty I am going to a tea dance.

By the way, would you tell whoever takes the rehearsal of *The School for Scandal* to keep a close watch on Higshaw II's vowels? He will see from my notes that this week the cast is to be drilled in gesture; I will deal with facial movements later. It is worth remembering that the Pyrotechnic Society have somehow got hold of some gun-cotton.

On my return I shall be prepared to cope vigorously with the exams. You may remember that last year I set the IIIA Shakespeare paper to the Fourth French Set and marked the results rather savagely. I hope that after this refreshing break I shall be able to avoid any similar incident this term.

Yours bearing no grudge,

Thomas Gaythorne Roper.

R. G. G. PRICE

BACK ROOM JOYS

YES, YOU HAVE A TEMPERATURE!

WE haven't slept a wink all night;
Our skin is too tight;
We burn, freeze, ache to our very core.
As to getting up and working . . . !
But if our temperature's 98.4
They'll think we're shirking.

"Nothing much. Just under a hundred and one . . ."
Well DONE!

We're going to stay put in our beautiful, heavenly bed,
We're going to be fussed
Not cussed,
We're going to be pampered, we're going to be asked
"How's the head?"

We're going to hug our afflictions,
Hold close the blanket of our symptoms,
Draw up our knees,
Bury ourselves in our pillow,
Without being thought yellow,
For at least this one irrevocable day—
We have the qualifying degrees!

To-morrow, the day after, when they say
"It's normal this morning, in fact just a fraction below,"
We'll give them an acquiescent "Oh,"
Get up and get dressed like a lamb.
We are not the sort of people to sham,
To bluff—

And besides, we'll have had enough.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON





Man-eater

Rabuck Ramsden—MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH; John Tanner—MR. JOHN CLEMENTS
Ann Whitefield—MISS KAY HAMMOND

AT THE PLAY

Man and Superman (NEW)—*The Madwoman of Chaillot* (ST. JAMES'S)
Gay's the Word (SAVILLE)

THE cult of the superman is mercifully out of fashion, recent history having demonstrated some of its embarrassments. It was a blind alley into which SHAW strayed against his instincts. Mr. JOHN CLEMENTS' production of *Man and Superman* wisely puts all the emphasis on the first half of the title, and finds in *Tanner's* impassioned resistance to *Ann's* lethal pursuit a comedy too rich to be bothered by the intrusions of the life-force. It is forty-five years since the play was first put on at the Court, and in this triumphant revival there is still no sign of a limp; those who insist that SHAW will fade as a dramatist must admit that the best of his work is wearing phenomenally well.

Chesterton complained that though he was convinced that *Ann* wished to marry *Tanner*, the reverse was inconceivable because *Ann* was inherently a bully and a liar; but he never had the advantage of seeing MISS KAY HAMMOND in the part. With supreme biological urges she is not in the least concerned, it any rate by name. She covers *Ann's* gangster ethics with a curtain of sheer charm, hunting down her quarry with a delicious half-mockery, the claws scarcely showing. No one could doubt for a

moment that in the end *Tanner* will be only too glad to marry her. Mr. CLEMENTS makes him a most likeable fellow, strongly individual but too humorous ever to be a bore. It is a finely judged performance, that fits very well with Miss HAMMOND's. SHAW was at the top of his form in their long joust, exposing what he imagined to be female predatory technique, and they make it exceedingly funny.

This production is more than sound. It omits *Tanner's* dream of hell, which I think goes better by itself. There is a fruity but not too fruity *Ramsden* by Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH, an excellent *Straker* by Mr. MICHAEL MEDWIN, a *Violet* of steely purpose by Miss PEGGY SIMPSON, and good performances by Miss BARBARA EVEREST, Mr. ALLAN CUTHBERTSON, and others. Mr. LAURENCE IRVING takes us warmly to Granada, and Miss ELIZABETH HAFENDEN dresses the party with a shrewd eye for the period. An exquisite veteran car decorates Act Two and, starting miraculously, chugs off with *Tanner* and *Straker*. But I doubt if it ever did the seventy miles an hour optimistically mentioned by the author.

The Madwoman of Chaillot, adapted by Mr. MAURICE VALENCY from the French of M. JEAN

GIRAUDOUX, is a puzzling affair to assess. It is a modern parable about materialism which is constantly altering its focus, being at one moment completely realistic, at the next a stylized charade that merges imperceptibly into inspired and purposeful lunacy. It has a genuinely poetic sense of beauty, and quite often is startlingly witty, yet it also has inexcusably pedestrian passages and a vague undercurrent of symbolism that left me interested but unsatisfied. The central figure is taken with brilliance by Miss MARTITA HUNT. Dressed in a motley collection of ancient finery, the *Madwoman* lives imperially in a Paris cellar, from which she issues to feed cats, encourage love and gaiety, and be respectfully petted by the simple folk of Chaillot. In her aristocratic innocence she has not observed how firmly Mammon has gripped the world, but when she discovers a group of big financiers about to dig up Paris for suspected oil she lures them—after a mock trial in which they are represented by an eloquent rag- and- bone- man (Mr. MARIUS



[The Madwoman of Chaillot

Giant-killer

Aurelia—MISS MARTITA HUNT

GORING)—with their followers into the sewers, and at that the sun comes out again. Her conversation is wonderfully unexpected, her tea-party to her maddest neighbours (Miss ANGELA BADDELEY, Miss VERONICA TURLEIGH, Miss JANE GRAHAME) an odd surrealist nightmare. Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT's production could be a little faster, especially towards the end, but it is full of invention. A typical trick of the play, that in this odd atmosphere seems barely eccentric, is the rising and falling of a juggler's clubs to a speculator's tense account of the rigging of some shares. Interesting sets, by M. CHRISTIAN BÉRARD. Miss HUNT's performance is certainly one to be seen.

Once again Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE has been left to prop up too much of a show—and a show whose situations are not in themselves very funny; she needs the expert assistance of a comedian of her own calibre, and if only it could be Mr. JACK HULBERT how perfect that would be! But having thus groused, there is much to be said in favour of *Gay's the Word*, a musical which Mr. IVOR NOVELLO opens with a pleasing rag of his Ruritanian romps, and which takes an insolvent star through the adventure of running a deservedly insolvent school of acting, where a number of lively and accomplished young people surprisingly lurk, in particular Miss LIZBETH WEBB and Mr. THORLEY

WALTERS, who graduate with distinction. Miss COURTNEIDGE is adorable, and though she rather has to make her opportunities uses them splendidly. Several of Mr. NOVELLO's tunes with Mr. ALAN MELVILLE's agile lyrics may well prove winners, and Mr. HULBERT, who produced, has seen to it that the title is not belied.

Recommended

There is just time to see the Old Vic's first-rate *Henry V*, with Alec Clunes. *Point of Departure* (Duke of York's) is still the best new play in London, and *Blue for a Boy* (His Majesty's) the only one containing Fred Emney and Richard Hearne.

ERIC KEOWN



"Looks like the crocuses are out . . ."



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, February 19th

The Hunting of the Webb is the current sport among Members on the Opposition side of the House of Commons, and

Mr. MAURICE WEBB showed himself an elusive, ingenious (and usually good-humoured) quarry when the sport was indulged in for nearly half an hour this afternoon.

To change the metaphor, the Opposition grilled the Minister heartily, running through the many items of the national menu in order to ask awkward, quick-fire questions. Meat, naturally, kept appearing (in a strictly metaphorical sense, of course), and when one inquisitor brought it in while eggs were under consideration the Minister retorted that he supposed it was a matter of duty to drag in meat on all possible, and impossible, occasions.

But he had one piece of good news—that there is to be a “bonus” of sugar, at the rate of one pound a month, starting in April. He hoped, too, to take eggs off the ration this spring—an announcement which those Members with a respect for tradition (especially in jokes) regarded as proof positive that there will be no General Election just yet.

Displaying what many onlookers regarded as a misplaced zeal in making points against the Government, some Opposition critics made fun of advertisements inviting overseas visitors to come to this country for the Festival of Britain, on the ground that there was no food for them. The Minister gained cheers from all parts of the House for a spirited retort that it was “very wrong” to suggest that we were starving.

But he did rather startle the House by declaring that food supplies in the last year have been better than for ten or twelve years. True, it was impromptu, in reply to a supplementary, but still . . .

Party scores were clearly the order of the day, however, for the

House went on to talk about coal for the elderly—and every speaker tried to outdo his predecessor in scoring the most obvious of polemical points. All this, perhaps, was in preparation for the bigger battle of to-morrow—on that highly-explosive topic of ground-nuts.

Tuesday, February 20th

The mere mention of ground-nuts arouses in the House of Commons the sort of electric excitement Home Rule, House of Lords reform, the nationalization of the coal mines, and increases in income tax have,

House of Commons:
Grilled Minister



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Bevin, Foreign Secretary
(Woolwich, E.)

from time to time, produced in years gone by.

The occasion was a Bill to transfer the ground-nut growing plan from the Ministry of Food to the Colonial Office, to cut it down to a mere £6,000,000 affair and to write off the £36,000,000 already lost on the full-scale scheme. The Conservatives had decided to move the rejection of the Bill, and the possibility of defeat faced the Government for the fourth time in a fortnight.

Mr. WEBB moved the Second Reading of the Bill, with the emotion of one who sees his adopted child going out into the cold, cold world—but realizes that it is best for him, things at home being what they are. He refused to be apologetic about the brat's past and stoutly denied that it was a juvenile delinquent.

In fact from the tributes he paid it a casual listener might have thought foster-paternal affection was strained almost beyond endurance at the parting.

The real father, Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, pointedly stayed away from the moving scene—and his absence was tartly commented on by speakers who felt that he ought to have been there to “take the blame.”

However, Mr. WEBB pleaded that even though Little Scheme could not now hope to scale the heights that had (in the happy days beyond recall) been dreamed of, he could at least live a useful, if humble, life as an “experiment” in Colonial development. And, as such, he might be of great help to East Africa in particular and the Colonial Empire in general.

Captain CROOKSHANK was not so sure. He described the assembled legislators (and presumably all of us) as “bankrupt shareholders” in the ground-nut scheme, and did not seem to think much of the prospects after the reorganization. In fact he asked for an official inquiry into the whole affair, to ensure that more money did not follow the ill-fated £36,000,000 down the drain.

Thus launched, the debate went on in a lively manner, with some of the Government's supporters occasionally raising the eyebrows of the Treasury Bench with what appeared to be attacks on Civil Servants—always deemed to be unsporting, since the Service has no voice in the House.

Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, whose powers of advocacy and good-tempered oratory are not used enough by the Opposition leaders, wound up, commenting that he had allowed enough time for Mr. STRACHEY to attend—even by nationalized transport. But (in spite of stern cries of “Where is he?”) Mr. S. did not enter the House until the very moment when Mr. LENNOX-BOYD sat down, having scourged



"Smile at Sam Pepys, Nell—you might get a mention in his diary."

Little Scheme good and proper and repeated the demand for an official inquiry.

As Mr. EDGAR GRANVILLE, for the Liberals, had joined in the demand for an inquiry, implying that if it were not granted that small but important Party would vote against the Government, the atmosphere was excited. The House was crowded "to suffocation" when Mr. JAMES GRIFFITHS, the Colonial Secretary, and future guardian of Little Scheme, rose to reply for the Government. His most telling point was that if the scheme were abandoned altogether the people of Africa might take it as a sign that we in this country were no longer as interested as before in improving living standards in Africa. But he did not hold out any rosy hopes of the new scheme's future.

And so to the division, in which the Liberals did support the demand for an inquiry, but which the

Government won by 302 votes to 295—not much of a majority, but enough.

Before the debate began, Mr. SHINWELL had told the latest story of the fighting in Korea, in which British Commonwealth forces had distinguished themselves, at a sad cost in life and limb. And Mr. GAITSKELL announced that it was not proposed to draw any further on the dollar credits so generously made available to us, in time of need, by the Canadian Government.

Wednesday, February 21st

Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS has long specialized in Statutory Rules and

Orders (Scrutiny and Criticism)—as one of the Orders would no doubt put it. To-day he brought in a Ten-minutes Rule Bill to give the House the right to debate any Order laid by the Government on the Table.

He said he had "looked at" between twenty thousand and thirty thousand Statutory Instruments in recent times, and quoted some puzzling examples of the difference between those which *could* be discussed and those which *could not*. All of which, he said, could be put right by means of his simple little Bill.

Mr. UNGOED THOMAS opposed the proposal in a clear and lawyer-like speech which was completely spoiled by a reference to the "lunatic fringe of the Conservative Party." This phrase brought yells of protest and ended the speech in uproar.

Then, on a division, the Bill was lost by 192 votes to 248, and Sir HERBERT left it at that.

The main debate was on a Bill to give the Government the right to take steps to block streets and take other action thought necessary for the defence of the country.

JOLLY INTERESTING AND SCIENTIFIC

WELL, yes, uncle, there *is* a bit of a mess. Actually, I'm stuffing an *Esox lucius*. A pike, you know. Stuffing him to look at in a glass case, I mean, not to eat.

Jeremy and me caught him in the Upper Lake about a fortnight ago; at least, I caught him—Jeremy was only holding the rod when the float went under.

I'll show him to you in a minute, when I've got this paper chewed up. He's in the linen-cup-board, drying. He doesn't niff much, considering. He's just a hollow void, really, because we took all his works out with a grapefruit-knife. That's the first thing you have to do.

Well no, this paper doesn't taste *very* nice. But you have to get it really well chewed to make papier mâché. Actually, a chap in a book I once read said you have to stuff fish with plaster of paris. But I haven't got the book now, and all I could remember was that it was something French. So I could only think of papier mâché. The Encyclopædia Britannia says it's "mashed or pulped paper." I tried doing it with a pistol and mortar, but that didn't seem to mash it awfully well. Then I remembered how wasps make their nests, so I started chewing it. Yes, the phone directory. I've eaten right through to page forty-seven, down to Air Transport

Licensing Authority, so it would be an awful waste not to use it now. Besides, I don't know where to buy plaster of paris.

Of course, you have to preserve the old *Esox*, otherwise the moths and things get in and chew him up. I'm going to use formalin. Here, have a sniff . . .

Well, yes, I suppose it *does*, just a bit. You see, mummy said formalin was frightfully expensive, so I thought I'd make my own. The Encyclopædia Britannia says it's made of methyl alcohol under the action of hot copper. Methyl alcohol must be just methylated spirits and alcohol, otherwise it wouldn't be called that, would it? So we borrowed a little of daddy's gin—it was only the last inch or so in the bottle, and people never drink wine to the dregs, do they, because of the sentiment? We mixed it with meth. and then dropped in red-hot pennies. Gosh, it didn't half fizz!

Well, I think that's about all there is to it. I mean, the actual *stuffing* will be child's play. We thought at first that the eyes were going to be a bit of a problem, though. You see, a fish's real eyes would go sort of fishy after a time, so the book I was telling you about says you have to use artificial ones. I shall only need one, because the other won't show. Well, I had a

super idea. Young Jennifer's got a big doll she doesn't use much, so I swopped her a jolly fine grass snake for it, I mean for just the one eye. Of course, young Jeremy had to be awkward—started talking some rot about pike not having blue eyes. So I said Well, so much the better, that makes this one a very rare and valuable specimen.

It was an awful sweat getting the eye out, though—we had to drill a hole through the back of the doll's head with a brace-and-bit. Old Doctor Grey saw us doing it in the garage and said it looked like a Japanning operation, or something. He's *bals*.

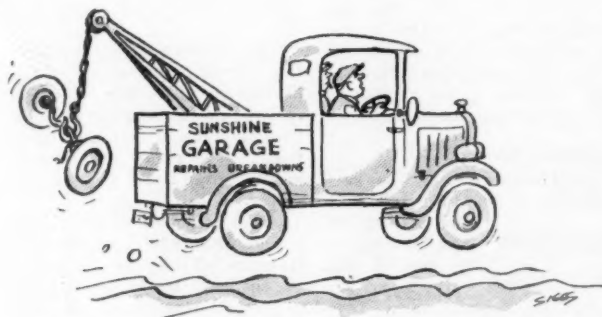
Oh, yes, there's the glass case, of course. Now that's going to need a bit of tact. Look, uncle, do you think you could sort of suggest to mummy that that old Van Whatsit cornfield picture in the garden room would look much better cut down a bit and put in a smaller frame? Then we could have the big frame, and the glass, for the front of my case. The rest's easy—just a hatbox. *Esox, Esox*, swimming in a hatbox.

I don't know about the weeds and things, though. I thought perhaps some iris leaves stuck in at the back would look pretty much like reeds. Perhaps I could starch them to stop them sort of wilting. Then I could varnish them with nail-varnish or something.

So you see, uncle, it's jolly interesting and scientific, really. Jeremy says that chaps who stuff animals for a profession make simply *pots* of money. I mean, in the end you kind of work your way up to lions and tigers . . .

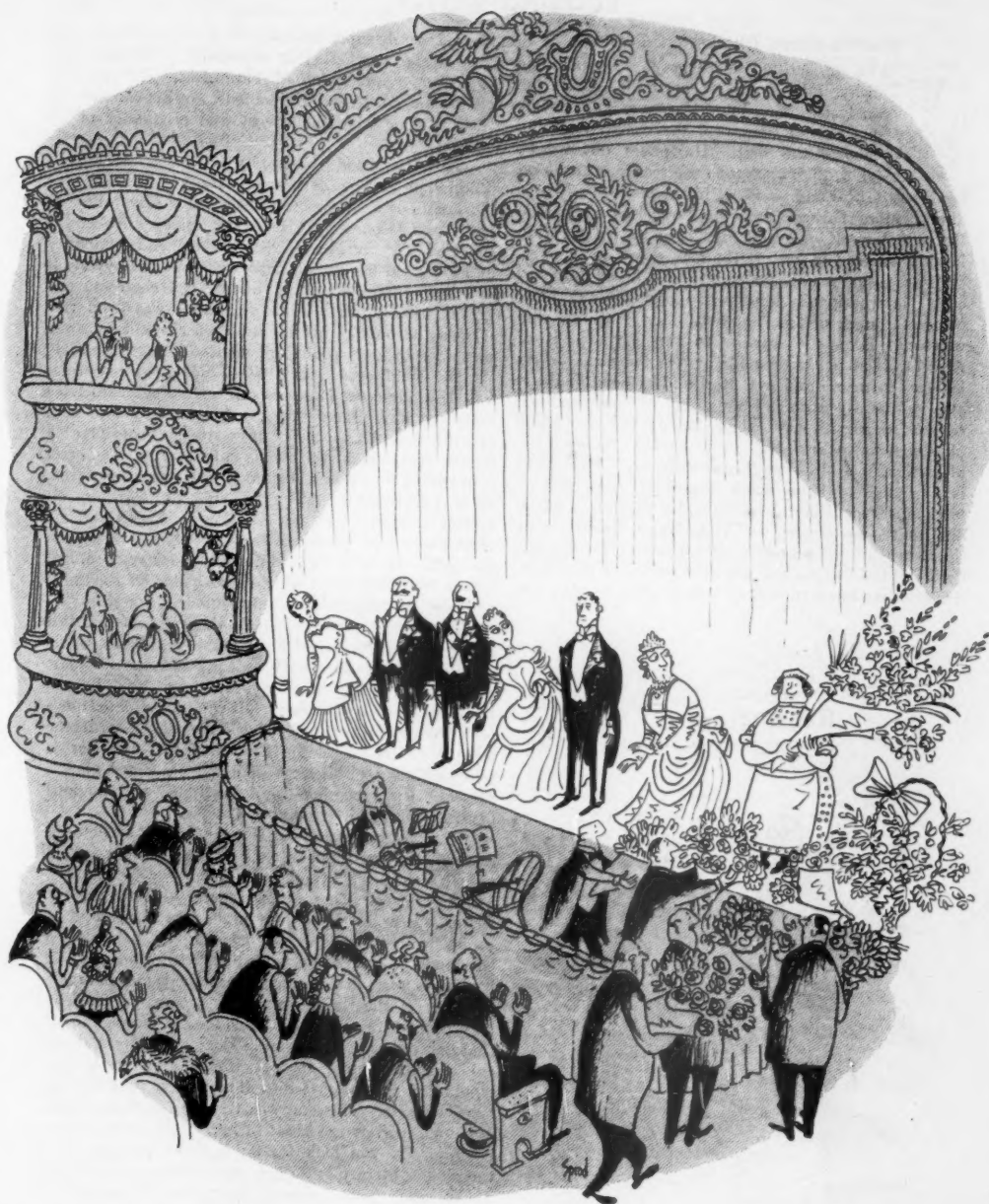
What? Oh, with plaster of paris, I suppose. No, definitely not papier mâché.

Gosh, uncle, I think I feel a bit sick.



"NAVY HOLDS
BIG JOINT
EXERCISES."
"News Chronicle"

Butcher's name, please?



Sabbat-Night Reading

The Hunter of the Dark is not a book to explore alone in a benighted cottage; at high noon on top of a bus in Oxford Street it would be sufficiently disturbing. H. P. Lovecraft was an American who died before the war, when his remarkable gift for the eerie was not yet widely known; this collection of his uncomfortable ghoulish short stories is the first to be published here. At his best, as in "The Outsider" and "The Thing on the Doorstep," his power to give overwhelming conviction to the wildly abnormal brings him close to Poe. His lesser pieces lack economy and suffer from an excessive use of grisly adjectives, but in nearly all of them is the same rare ability to convey terror in the fourth dimension. Most of the stories, set in the remote American countryside, have to do with dark creatures of the immemorial past, summoned from farthest space by hick devotees of black magic. Lovecraft was undoubtedly a minor master of cosmic horror.

E. O. D. K.

Erewhon Rejected

Mr. Edmund Vale in *The World of Cotton* has set himself to trace the history and make clear the principles of the long chain of inventions, from Paul and Wyatt (1736) to the present day, whereby the delicate skill of the spinster by hand and wheel has been incorporated into the modern battery of a dozen machines, each dealing with a separate phase of the process. This is not the vague, generalized account that tends to be common form in this kind. It is a painstaking, ordered explication. Not easy, but rewarding, reading. The author has fallen under the spell of the machine. "The word 'inhuman' is really no guide to anyone trying to understand the nature of a machine—*Superhuman* is a better conception; for a machine is a projection of organic, fallible mortal man into something inorganic, infallible and immortal . . . its memory is both perfect and imperishable. Improvements may continue *ad infinitum*, and still it will go on assimilating. It will never forget." It is almost with surprise that we learn that these superhuman machines depend on highly skilled attendants.

J. P. T.

Woden-born

Cerdic Elesing, otherwise Caius Flavius Coroticus, was the kind of weevil you find in the touchwood of a crumbling empire. He spoke German and Latin and bad Celtic. He thought himself rational and strong-minded. In the course of carving out a Saxon kingdom between A.D. 450 and 530 he murdered most of his relations. He was a direct ancestor of Queen Victoria. He is the hero-cum-villain of Mr. Alfred Duggan's latest pastiche of history, archaeology, ethnology and the picaresque. He is a typical product of the human blood sports of his period, and his cynical adventures will (perhaps unfortunately) relegate Cedric the Saxon and Hereward the Wake to the schoolroom. Wolfish

cunning is all that is left of the stout Germans of Tacitus and mulish obstinacy emerges as the predominating quality of their mates. Of its kind, *Conscience of the King* is a masterpiece; and its vigorous and racy "translation" of Cerdic's "original Latin" almost the only unconvincing thing about it.

H. P. E.

Allied Animosity

Like Maryland kidneys the American style of writing is a taste which, once acquired, provides the literary gourmet with fresh flavours; and certainly no recent novel from across the Atlantic offers a richer feast than *The Strange Land*. Mr. Ned Calmer's interest in battle, unlike that of most war novelists, is not in the crash of bombs or sudden death so much as in its psychological effect on character. On every level of the American war machine, from the luxury of the Hotel Scribe (the time is 1944) down to the wretched G.I. facing the German front line, various forms of human selfishness and greed, mixed with a little love and an occasional act of kindness or heroism, are shown: the divisional commander who does not mind sacrificing his troops as long as Washington is impressed; the war correspondent, a coward in battle, who thinks he is God; the G.I. who doesn't know why he is fighting but who is shot all the same; the platoon commander



"It's empty, but it looks better with spaghetti."

who is expected to obey suicide orders; and the generals who are jealous of each other. Yet good as this book is, one is left wondering why so many American war novels from Hemingway to Mr. Calmer reveal such a hatred of Lord Montgomery and the British "Tommy."

R. K.

Romance of Money

A Cambridge don who could make a great fortune for himself and another for his college by putting to practical test those novel economic and monetary conceptions that he expounded in the lecture theatre must have been blessed with superb versatility, and, indeed, in *The Life of John Maynard Keynes* there is presented a man of unlimited ranges of thought no less than of furious mental energy. Lord Keynes admitted that his greatest delight in life was the pursuit of an idea to its utmost logical conclusion, and to-day we are still feeling the benefit of this characteristic applied in the perilous ways of international finance. None the less, in spite of many chapters of all-out technical discussion of theory piled on theory his biographer, Mr. R. F. Harrod, is clearly most concerned to do justice at all costs to the man himself, and in the result he has given to this very long book a touch of real greatness.

C. C. P.

Fighting Men of Nippon

As an enemy, by all accounts, the Japanese soldier has little to commend him. Now, it seems, the whirligig of politics is making him a potential comrade in arms.



To learn what he is really like—how, at any rate, he appears to himself—is therefore of topical interest. An opportunity to do this is afforded by a book written, in effective if far from impeccable English, by a Japanese who fought in both the China war and the world one, Mr. Hanama Tasaki. *Long the Imperial Way* is a novel, and a good novel, but its principal value is its obvious fidelity to fact. The little group of men with whose fortunes during the "China incident" it is mainly concerned are, though authentic individuals, a microcosm. They embody a system, an immutable hierarchy, in which service is servitude, discipline a ritual, and authority a reign of terror; in which abject acquiescence is the only passport to promotion and discontent cannot but be dumb.

F. B.

Surprise, Surprise

"Jean, étonne-moi," said Diaghilev to Cocteau; and, like Diaghilev, Karel Čapek loved to be astonished. His capacity for surprise at what most of us take for granted is refreshing and salutary, and gives him in his work a charmingly individual standpoint. He is astonished because newspapers print the news of the day, and not that of two thousand years ago; because detective stories deal in mystery; because Czechs speak Czech. In the eleven "essays on the margin of literature," dating between 1923 and 1931 and now published as *In Praise of Newspapers*, Čapek with his guileful simplicity flatters his readers into believing that they are not only his personal friends but also his intellectual equals. None of the essays need be taken very seriously; it is perhaps characteristic that the most learned and ambitious of the collection is the one about fairy stories. Stricter proof reading, especially of proper names, would have improved the book.

B. A. Y.

Books Reviewed Above

The Life and Soul of Paracelsus. John Hargrave. (Gollancz, 16/-)

Goering. Willi Frischauer. (Odhams, 12/6)

Henry Handel Richardson. Nettie Palmer. (Angus and Robertson, 15/-)

The Hunter of the Dark. H. P. Lovecraft. (Gollancz, 10/6)

The World of Cotton. Edmund Vale. (Hale, 12/6)

Conscience of the King. Alfred Duggan. (Faber, 12/6)

The Strange Land. Ned Calmer. (Cape, 12/6)

The Life of John Maynard Keynes. R. F. Harrod. (Macmillan, 25/-)

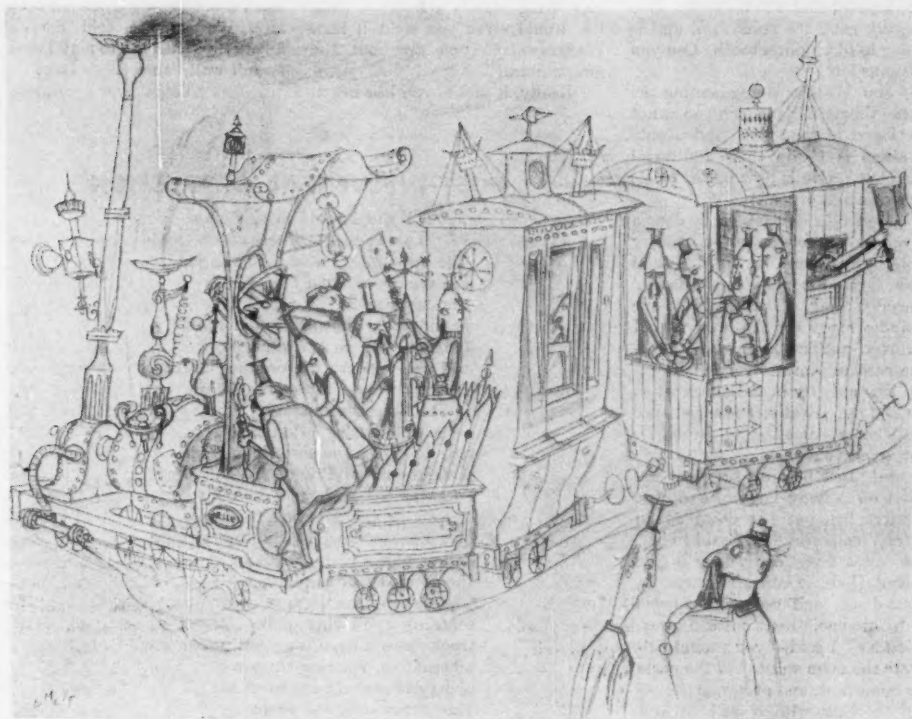
Long the Imperial Way. Hanama Tasaki. (Gollancz, 12/6)

In Praise of Newspapers. Karel Čapek. (Allen and Unwin, 7/6)

Other Recommended Books

Broken Canes. Peter Vansittart. (The Bodley Head, 9/6) Entertaining and stimulating novel about free-discipline school with good jokes and a poetic vision. Characterization and writing much above the usual schoolmastering comedy.

Listen to the Mocking Bird. S. J. Perelman. (Reinhardt and Evans, 12/6) Twenty characteristic pieces, including the "Cloudland Revisited" series about bygone best-sellers, from the *New Yorker*. The author is more subdued than he was, sometimes the craziness seems laboured, but he can still be very funny. Slick drawings by Hirschfeld.



"Five more trains taken off this morning, by the look of it . . ."

FESTIVAL SPIRIT

MY DEAR OLIVE,—Rehearsals start next week! My heart misses a beat when I think of it. Something bigger than Mrs. Walters has ever tackled before. Bigger than her readings from Carlyle in the Memorial Hall on wet Sunday evenings last summer. Bigger even than *Ruddigore*, memorable as those three nights were. A production of *The Playboy of the Western World*, for four nights, in the large room over the village hall, during the second week in September! With tip-up seats in the first three rows! And a piano in the intervals!

As the *Courier* said on Saturday, the Tennis Club Dramatic Society seems to stop at nothing.

All is flutter and excitement. What with the debate on the purchase of a new net for the singles court coming up, and now this, one really wonders what will happen next!

Of course, clever Mr. Hardy had to put his spoke in: "As this will be our contribution to the Festival of Britain," he said to Mrs. Walters, "wouldn't it be more appropriate to do a shortened version of *Cavalcade*, with the mixed choir on rostrums?" Mrs. Walters was wonderful. She just said "Who is producer, Mr. Hardy? You or me?" Of course he had to say "You."

It's an Irish play, Mrs. Walters says (she really is invaluable), so

Graham Verge, our popular secretary, will come into his own. He is to play Christy, and his brogue should be tip-top, for he has spent several week-ends in Belfast (on business). The rest, Mrs. Walters says, must either copy him, or do it in Yorkshire. (Christy is quite an important part—he thinks he has killed his father with an alloy. But the part is a girl called Pegeen, Mrs. Walters says.)

Mrs. Walters's husband is to be the father. He won the Older Men's Singles last year, you remember. She says he must do it without his glasses, so I do hope he doesn't knock anything over.

Then there is a widow called

Quinn, and that will be Daisy. She is very good for seventeen, and is going to black out a tooth. Can you imagine it!

Mrs. Walters is augmenting the three Village Girls to eight, so as not to leave anyone out, and Robin Walters is to do their additional dialogue. (He is now editor of his school mag., I hear.)

Lionel Spade has already done a lovely sketch for the set—a country hotel somewhere in Ireland—and Mrs. Ogilvie is practising "Smilin' Through" and "Danny Boy" like billy-ho ready for the intervals. I do hope nothing happens to her—she catches almost everything.

The only fly in the ointment so far is Lily. Really, I lose patience with her at times. She says she's got a nervous breakdown, if you please! Just because she's set her heart on playing Pegeen, and Mrs. Walters has put her down as an extra Village Girl. As I said to her, you can't have everything. She played Hedda Gabler a couple of years back, and got more flowers than anyone, bad as she was. "Besides," I said, "you should cultivate the team spirit. All the parts are important, and everyone should pull together with a will." And she's supposed to have read Stanislavsky, and everything! "You ought to be ashamed," I said. "Why, you're carrying on like a professional!" That hurt, as you can imagine, but I felt it wasn't the time to mince words. "You're

just being utterly selfish," I said. "It would serve you right if Mrs. Walters made you give out the programmes!"

Really, it makes you lose heart.

But I don't see why I should worry. Mrs. Walters has told me confidentially that I am to play Pegeen. I can't wait to see Lily's face!

Yours ever ALICE.

5 5

POST-INFLUENZAL DEPRESSION

WHY did I come to this glum, unreasonable, unseasonable town?

The sea drags the sky to the land,
the sea pulls down
the greyiness out of the sky,
pounds it with shingle and sand,
batters it on to the seawall
and leaves it to die on the strand
of the desolate foreshore. The Prom
is like Manchester station (Exchange)
on a wet Sunday afternoon.

The bandstand is something from
a nightmare of Braque's. The swell
sucks at the harbour stones
like an Eskimo gnawing the bones
of a flensed seal. There are strange
hollow noises at midnight in
the corridors of the hotel.

The natives live lives of their own,
somehow contriving to be
troglodytes unseen, unheard, unknown,
hibernating, ignoring the sea
and such ninnyhammers as me.

This is the ultimate verge
of boredom and misery and hell.
The sea and the sky and the land,
the land and the sky and the sea
are pounded together in shingle and surge—
what out of Bedlam gave me the urge
to come here to get well?

R. C. SCRIVEN



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W	7	14	21	28
Th	8	15	22	29
F	9	16	23	30
S	10	17	24	31

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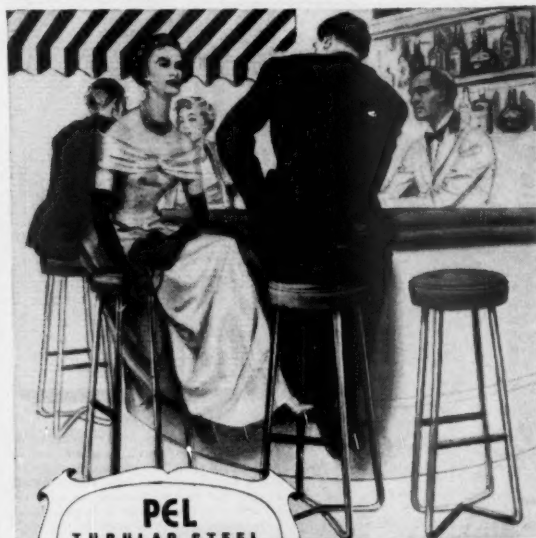
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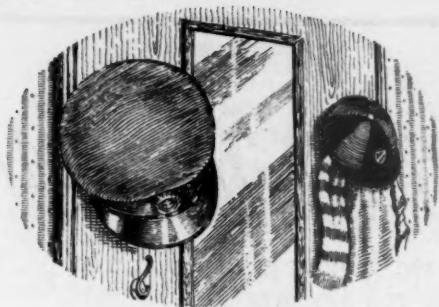
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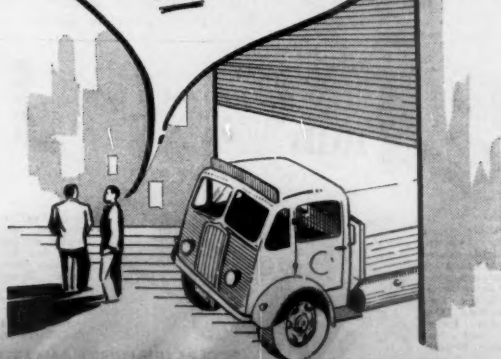
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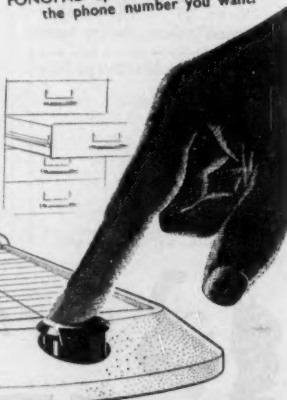
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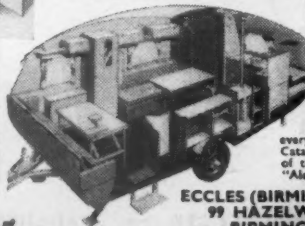


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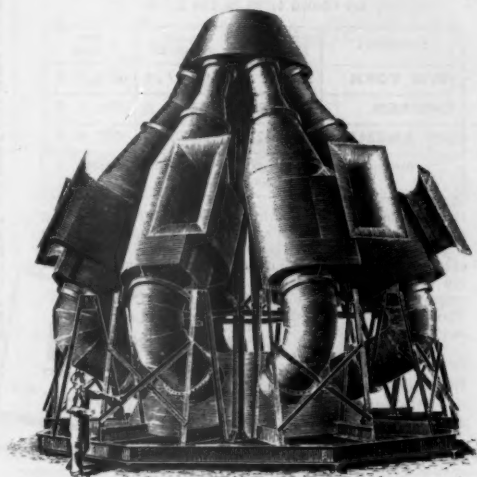


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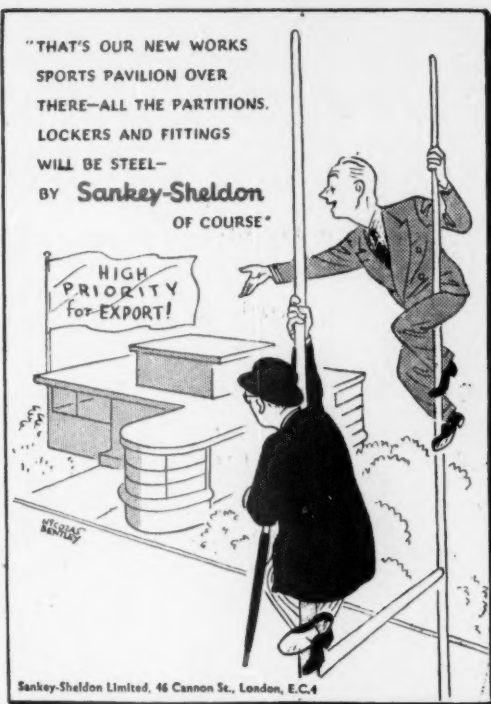


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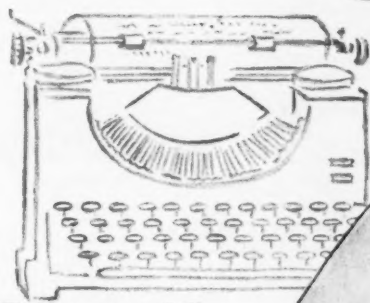
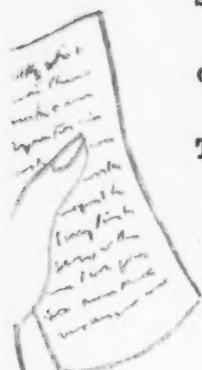
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